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SAUNDERS'

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. X.] AUGUST, 1852. [Vol. I.

CONTENTS FOR AUGUST.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

We regret that circumstances have deprived us of our usual portion of *Lindenstowe*. We are promised a double portion for our next number.—Received since our last—Our N. W. Frontier.—Thuggism.—Lahore.—What does the Army want?—The three Blind Men of Compeigne.—The Ass's Legacy.—Notes on the Kingdom of Oudhe, No. III.—The Father's Secret.—"Psyche," and other Poems.



SAUNDERS' MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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MY UNCLE BEN'S COURTSHIPS.

CHAPTER IX.

A tolerably long residence in Bombay has enabled me to assert, as a well-established domestic fact, that whereas gentlemen are fond of reading the morning newspaper over their early cup of tea, when the day is young, and the air cool and fresh, such ladies as patronize that organ of intelligence at all, commonly prefer perusing it *in bed*—probably from the facility which a reclining posture affords to recruit nature with a nap after the leading articles! To this general propensity, and not to any peculiar indolence on the part of my better half, must I attribute the circumstance of my finding myself, on the second morning after the occurrence detailed in the preceding chapter, seated alone in my tent, in a comfortable easy chair, scanning the columns of the *Advertiser*. It was a journal famous for its small appetitising paragraphs; and I took a sip from my tea-cup, and a mouthful of bread-and-butter, after each miniature leader, feeling better, both physically and mentally, as the double meal progressed. At length, however, I came to something that instantaneously took away my appetite. In rather large type, with a conspicuous heading, I read as follows :—

Afflicting Accident.

"A most alarming accident, which, but for the cool judgment in a moment of emergency, displayed by a medical gentleman at this Presidency, might have led to the most fatal and calamitous results, took place on Thursday evening, about 6 o'clock, upon the sands in Back Bay. A lady, whose personal attractions have frequently graced our Ball rooms, and who needs but to be seen to

be admired, was riding at that hour and place with two gentlemen, when, startled by a canine aggression, the horse she was upon galloped off, and placed her gentle life in most imminent danger. One of her companions—B. B——n, Esq., of the Civil Service—most imprudently rushed after her, at a break-neck speed, an insane act, which had nearly cost the estimable lady her life; for the spirited animal she was riding of course increased his pace also; and when at last Mr. B——n overtook her, and attempted to arrest her progress, a violent collision occurred, which resulted in both Mrs. —— and her would-be-deliverer falling heavily to the ground. At this moment, the other gentleman, Dr. O'F——, of H. M. ——, arriving on the spot, threw himself from his horse, and by a prompt application of his medical skill, succeeded in so far restoring consciousness to the unhappy lady, that she was enabled to proceed home. We are happy to add as the result of enquiries made yesterday, that Mrs. —— was considered out of danger."

As soon as I had finished the perusal of this singular effusion, I took the paper into my bedroom, and waking Arabella from a "delightful sleep," as she termed her morning slumber, directed her attention to the narrative.

"I don't pity him a bit," said she, emphatically. "If what Mrs. Kirby, and Mrs. Tomkins, and Mrs. Brown, and Mrs. Taylor say, is true, he has been courting this lady for the last three weeks—a good-for-nothing old man!—and now you'll see the end of the courtship, dear Ned."

"But why shouldn't my uncle court if he likes?" interposed I. "His heart is his own, and so is his person,—and his money too—and surely no one has any right to prevent him from disposing of all these in any way that suits his taste and inclination."

"That's always what you say, Edward," replied my little wife: "but I'm sure you'd make much better use of his wealth than the persons it will go to when he dies, if he pursues such a shameful course as he's doing—running after all the stuck-up, affected, good-for-nothing coquettes in the Presidency."

"My dear love," rejoined I, "how harsh you are in your judgments. How do *you* know that this lady is a good-for-nothing coquette?"

"*Know*, my dear? Why, Mrs. Taylor, and Mrs. Brown, and Mrs. Tomkins, and Mrs. Kirby, *all* say so."

This was conclusive, as ladies' logic mostly is; so I left my little wife to read the newspaper at her leisure, or renew her nap, whichever she felt most disposed to do, and returned to the solitary comfort of my easy chair.

Scarcely had I composed myself for reflection on my Uncle's disagreeable adventure, and more disagreeable notoriety, when I was startled by the sudden entrance of Brown of our's, a gentleman whom I have some recollection of mentioning in the first chapter of this narrative. Brown was one of those energetic fellows who, possessing more than their fair share of animal spirits, are obliged to resort to a variety of expedients for getting rid of the superfluous supply, and keeping themselves at the same level

as the society around them. He sat up very late at night, and got up very early in the morning; he took enormously long rides on difficult horses; he went out boating, shooting, pic-nicing; he drove a tandem, and was ambitious of handling the "ribbons" of a four-in-hand; he was ready to walk incredible distances for wagers of small amount, without the precaution of a stake-holder. Brown ought to have been a denizen of the planet Mercury: he was far too airy and volatile for this dull globe whereon, (for our sins,) we live, and move, and have our being.

On the present occasion, Brown was more than usually excited. His face was flushed, and his brow streaming with perspiration. He appeared quite breathless. He had evidently had a hard ride; and I motioned him to take a chair, and enquired rather anxiously what was the matter.

"Matter!" replied Brown, as fast as he could get breath to speak. "What's the——matter? Why—— there's your—— (I'm quite out of breath)—— your precious old Uncle—— been fighting a duel!"

I really felt as though I had been shot myself.

"Duel!" cried I, "why, the old gentleman's mad! Who was it with? Where did it take place? Is any body hurt?"

"I'll tell you all about it," answered Brown. "I got up at gun-fire this morning to give my chestnut a gallop, and as the brute was skittish, I determined to take it regularly out of him, and no mistake. So I rode over the sands, and round to Malabar Point, at a devil of a pace; and when the horse had had enough of it, as I thought, I just threw the reins over his neck, and walked quietly on. The morning was rather misty, and I could not see far before me; but on approaching a clump of trees, there was the sudden report of a pistol, which startled the chestnut, and made him bound up in the air, so as very nearly to pitch me over his head. Well, I suspected what was in the wind, and taking the reins again, rode gently towards the trees, when I saw most distinctly two fellows moving off the ground as sharply as they could, and old Mr. Balderson lying on the ground, with Patter of the —th standing over him, seeming in a deuce of a funk."

"And *then*?" said I.

"Why, I went up, of course, and Patter told me your Uncle had quarrelled with some Irish Doctor, about some confounded widow, and called him some hard names, which resulted in the Hibernian gentleman calling him out."

"But was he hurt?" enquired I.

"Why," replied Brown, "the ball just grazed his shoulder, and peeled off a little bit of coat and shirt, and may be something more. No great harm done. Your Uncle did not fire at all; he was hit, and floored before (he says) he had time to pull the trigger."

"And the others, you say, bolted?"

"They went off as hard as they could. The Irishman must have seen he'd winged his man, and as the old gentleman roared blue murder, it is probable he thought him much more hurt than he really was."

"And where's Mr. Balderson now?"

"Oh, they put him in Patter's buggy, and took him away—I dare say to the club. Of course they'll say he had a fall from his horse, and hurt his shoulder; but all Bombay will know, before sunset to-night, that he has fought a duel."

"I believe you are right, Brown," said I. "The old gentleman talked of *my* bringing disgrace on the family, when I got married, but what is *he* doing *now?* There's an account in this morning's paper of his riding out with the Doctor and the widow, and upsetting the latter on the sands—a misadventure to which the duel is doubtless owing. Really I think it's my duty to interfere, and put a stop to his follies. It is true he has "cut me off" with a rupee," (to use his own expression), and my intervention, therefore, might be ascribed to interested motives; but under present circumstances, it would indeed be cruel to leave him to himself; and his *accident* of this morning will furnish me with not a bad excuse for calling on him."

Brown at first tried to dissuade me from my purpose, representing, that although Mr. Balderson had certainly made himself very ridiculous in his equestrian exploit on the sands, there was nothing absurd, *per se*, in his passion for the lovely victim of the overthrow, while, with respect to the duel, there was no doubt that Society would take a very lenient, if not secretly approving, view of it. Some, he remarked, might laugh at the old gentleman; but others would admire his gallantry and his courage. In India unequal alliances were so common, that it was difficult to say whether they were not the rule rather than the exception. Besides, though ladies and gentlemen were not particular as to the persons whom they ridiculed and satirized, *pour passer le temps*, they were often at heart grateful to those who furnished them with food for their wit and pleasantry. Therefore, all things considered, my Uncle would not be likely to lose much by his *escapades*.

I did not reply to Brown's reasoning; and as soon as he took his departure, I returned to Arabella, whom I found at her toilet, and, informing her of what had taken place, asked her advice as to what I ought to do.

Arabella was much shocked. "A duel!" cried she: "Oh, what horrid wretches men are! To think of going out to shoot at each other, as though they had no souls to be saved, nor relations to care for them—oh, I never *did* feel so sad! Oh, Ned, never fight a duel! and do put away those horrid, horrid pistols. It gives me quite a cold shudder whenever I look at them; and I declare I would not touch them for the world!"

"But," interposed I, very tenderly,—"but what about my Uncle?"

"Oh," said Arabella, "see him by all means. Go at once, and call on him. Poor old gentleman, to think that he should be shot with a horrid pistol, and taken home with his clothes all blood-stained! Oh, Ned, *promise* me you'll never fight a duel! *Promise* me that!"

Thus it was resolved that I should proceed on an errand of mercy to my implacable Uncle Ben.

CHAPTER X.

I SAW my unfortunate Uncle that morning, and found him prostrated, mentally as well as bodily, by the trial he had undergone. The laceration of his wound was in fact nothing to that of his spirit. He seemed conscious that the result of the duel had destroyed his last hope of possessing the fair creature he had so fondly idolised; and though his heart had before given convincing proof of its toughness, he surrendered himself at once to the conviction that it was now perfectly broken, and that the rest of his career must of necessity be passed beneath an impenetrable, immoveable cloud of the blackest sorrow. I had expected to find at least some remnant lingering in his mind of that pride of family which had induced him to resent, as a bitter wrong, my own alliance with one whom he thought beneath me in station. But he grasped my hand most cordially, and spoke to me in the kindest terms, though in a melancholy tone, and without a smile on his cadaverous visage. He even asked after my wife! I felt my old regard for the old gentleman return as I gazed at him in his wretchedness; and was half inclined to volunteer Arabella's assistance to nurse him so long as he might be confined to his couch, and my own unworthy company to read to him, and endeavour to amuse him and cheer him up during that disagreeable interval. However—perhaps from a little pride on my own part—I abstained from actually proposing to render him these kind offices. It was an unlucky omission, as the sequel will show.

Two or three days elapsed. I made a point of paying Mr. Balderson a visit every morning, and was happy to observe a manifest improvement in him—that is to say, corporeally—for his mind remained as much affected as ever. One day I observed him reading a little book very attentively, and discovered that some kind friend, with the view of exhilirating him, had placed in his hands a series of religious tracts. On another occasion, I caught a very long-faced, dreary-looking personage at his side, to whom I was introduced as the Revd. Mr. Grimley, a pious Missionary, and leading apostle of the "Teetotal Movement." At last my worthy old Uncle began actually to talk to me of the heavy burden of his sins, and of his rigid determination to use every effort and exertion for the salvation of his poor soul!

Not being naturally disposed to scoff at things religious, I at first felt inclined to believe that my Uncle had been really touched with a sense of past transgressions, and was about to furnish an instance of that rare psychological phenomenon,—a genuine sudden conversion. But gradually he recovered from the gloomy despondency into which he had been thrown, and began to demean himself in such a way as to satisfy me that he was only passing from one form of extravagance to another. He threw himself headlong into the "circle" of the Revd. Mr. Grimley, which included, along with some estimable persons, several individuals whose cant was as offensive as their hypocrisy was transparent.

He drank tea at their tea-parties, prayed at their prayer meetings, speechified at their public assemblies, contributed to their periodicals,—nay, even offered to teach at their schools. One day he took it into his head to deliver a temperance address, in which he characterised the juice of the grape as the deadliest poison, and attributed ninety-nine hundredths of human sins to the direct influence of alcohol in some shape or other, thereby, as Brown declared, seriously curtailing the prerogative of Satan. Then he became involved in a lively controversy with an anonymous writer, upon the merits and advantages of Calvinism,—a discussion which would have lasted to this day, and probably ended in each disputant consigning the other to eternal perdition, if the editor to whom the effusions were addressed had not cut it short, in mercy to mankind. My Uncle raved against theatricals, denounced dancing, considered racing a crime, and regarded a billiard-room as the very entrance to Hades. His name was seen heading subscription lists for religious purposes, and flourishing as President or Vice President of Charitable Committees. He altered the cut of his coat, and the colour of his neckcloth. He wore a hat with a wider brim. He gemmed his discourse with scriptural phrases, and was careful to adopt the Missionary system of spelling in writing native names. Indeed, I am not sure that he did not latterly affect a slight nasal twang in his pronunciation, in order that a finishing touch might be given to the portrait which he flattered himself he presented, of a humble, uncompromising Christian, rich in faith, and zealous of good works.

It must not be supposed that I impute to my venerable Uncle anything like *shamming*. Far from it. I am thoroughly convinced that he believed himself converted from the error of his ways, and was blind to the vanity that prompted him to put himself forward on all occasions as a bright and shining light—at once a lamp to guide, and a beacon to warn. Like most persons who rush into religion from the force of circumstances, he unconsciously magnified his own former delinquencies, and humbled himself very low in the dust, with a view to a speedy and lofty exaltation. He thought contrast was everything, and painted his original self in colours painfully Satanic, in order that the rainbow hues of his regenerate state might not be without an adequate foil to set off their refulgent splendour. Instead of returning to Cloverabad on the expiration of his leave of absence, he persuaded himself that the opportunities of doing good at that small place were far too limited, and therefore made interest with a pious member of Government to put him in a snug and well-paid berth at the Presidency. There was not an atom of conscious worldliness in this, though, among certain Civilians, the feeling soon manifested itself that my Uncle was making religious profession the stepping-stone to his own advancement. These gentlemen did not know Mr. Balderson. If the Rev. Mr. Grimley had assured him, that it was necessary for the Christian cause, that he should resign the Service, and proceed on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land,

I verily believe my Uncle would not have hesitated one moment in acting upon the advice. But of course the Rev. Mr. Grimley knew better; and my Uncle's acceptance of an appointment at the Presidency was hailed literally as a godsend, and made the subject, on more than one occasion, of earnest private thanksgiving.

Now if Mr. Balderson had continued the career I have been describing, it is highly probable he would have spent regularly three-fourths of his pay in subscriptions and charities, and on his death, have bequeathed his fortune to reverend trustees, for the purpose of establishing a Mission, founding a Hospital, or endowing a School. But it was not destined so to fall out. After a few months an incident occurred which so far arrested his progress, and wrought such a manifest change in his proceedings, that his friends could once more congratulate him on his re-approach, if not complete return, to the ways of reason and common sense.

My Uncle, you must know, had never, except for a brief interval, entirely given up the idea of matrimony. Of course, having renounced all worldly pride, he could no longer assign, as a motive for changing his condition, the desire to punish me for my folly in marrying, as I did, without his knowledge, and against his will. But after frequent self-communings, he decided that he would be better able to perform his duty to his fellow-creatures, if he took unto himself a help-mate, of serious disposition, and pious frame of mind. Accordingly, he consulted his spiritual director, the Rev. Mr. Grimley, who, without hesitation, approved of his design, and gave him, on the spot, a convincing proof of devoted friendship, by observing that his sister, Miss Priscilla Grimley, was the very woman, above all others, calculated to make him happy, and that it would afford him inconceivable pleasure, if Mr. Balderson had no objection to use his fraternal influence for the promotion of his suit.

"It will be a sad sacrifice," said the reverend gentleman—"a sad personal sacrifice—for unto me she has indeed been a sister, and only those who know her can form the least judgment of what she has done for the enlightenment and conversion of the poor heathen. There are no less than twenty-seven native children who come daily to her to read tracts; and you are aware she has translated for their use the little work, entitled 'The Brand snatched from the Burning,' in which she drew so lively a picture of your former sinful state, and of the circumstances that attended your blessed conversion."

"And was that really intended for me?" enquired the poor old gentleman. "Really she must be a heavenly-minded woman. I have always admired her, and now I think I could love her."

"My sister," continued the other, "was once a gay and giddy girl, fond of dress and amusement, desirous of attracting attention, and indifferent to those solemn truths which form our study by day, and engage our thoughts by night. But one day she heard a sermon—a wonderful sermon—in which the preacher denounced the follies and frivolities of life, with the overwhelming and indignant eloquence of an Isaiah. The

words went to her soul. A lively fear of eternal torments took possession of her. She came to me, and told me her sad story. I took her in hand, my friend, and in little more than three weeks she was so thoroughly converted, that she sold all her trinkets, altered the fashion of her attire, and gave herself up unreservedly to the great work of regenerating a world lying in wickedness. You know how sincere, how devoted, she is!"

My Uncle bowed his head in assent, and grasped the speaker's hand. His heart was too full for words.

"I will speak to her on the subject," said the reverend gentleman. "Remember that I can promise you nothing. Her heart may possibly be too deeply engaged in her holy work, to allow of her turning aside, even to give her hand to *you*. Not only would I not force her inclinations, but if I saw that they were hopelessly opposed to your suit, I would not even attempt to influence them. But I do by no means assert, or imply, that it is a hopeless case. On the contrary ——— However, you shall hear more from me to-morrow."

CHAPTER XI.

Miss Grimley was a tall, thin, grave-faced lady of about forty. Her countenance was marked by so settled a sanctimoniousness—her form was so stiff—her motions so solemn and slow, and her dress distinguished by so determined a plainness, that if it had not been for her brother's unimpeachable truthfulness, one might very reasonably have doubted his assertion that she had *ever* been "gay and giddy." She was seldom seen to smile, and rarely spoke without a sigh. Though *in* the world, (she used to say,) she was not *of* the world. She often groaned over mundane wickedness, but never railed against sinners, or inveighed against sin. Her ambition was to be humble; her glory to be meek; her main object, through life, to do good, unseen of men! To her this bright earth seemed nought but "a sterile promontory, this most excellent canopy, the air, this brave o'er hanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire,—no other thing than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours." She was always looking for the time when the world should be destroyed, and the heavens rolled up like a scroll; and she shook her head in silent sorrow over the pomps and vanities of life, feeling how worthless and transient they were. I saw this lady more than once, and cannot say that I liked her. I did not doubt her sincerity, but I thought I could detect a latent pride in her humility, a sourness in her melancholy, and a disposition to place a good many really harmless, if not actually commendable, things beyond the pale of pious aspiration and endeavour. She appeared to me to wish to dress the world in a complete suit of mourning, and keep the entire human race perpetually weeping, and wringing their hands, and crying out, O how wicked we are!

However, my Uncle thought her an angel. He accompanied her to the place of worship where her brother held forth, went home to tea with her, and listened lov-

ingly to her expositions of passages of scripture. Then he called, and spent an entire forenoon in her society. Then he made her a handsome present of a fine collection of sermons. Then he copied out a little bit of poetry, which he thought described her character, and putting it into her hand, said it pourtrayed exactly what a woman ought to be, and exactly what she was. Then he concluded that he had better have a talk with her brother, and ascertain if he had really made an impression upon her heart.

Mr. Balderson was never so near getting married before, and has never been so since. The brother assured him that though Priscilla's heart was not set upon the things of this world, she could not but be conscious that a union with a gentleman of my Uncle's active piety would afford her ampler opportunities of doing good than she enjoyed in her present condition. On this ground she might consent to change her state. She could not promise—*he* did not promise—but if Mr. Balderson's object in marrying was solely and purely the promotion of the Christian cause, he thought he might undertake to say it was probable that in the course of a short time she would listen to his proposals. The meaning of this could not be mistaken. My Uncle fancied his siege to the heart of the gentle saint would not be very protracted, and his notion on the subject turned out correct.

But alas! the old proverb of the intermediate slip "'twixt cup and lip," proved applicable to the case of these antiquated lovers. The acidulated draught of happiness prepared for my Uncle, was snatched away just as he was about to sip it. The narrative is necessarily in some degree a sad one, but I shall lay it before the reader.

Let him imagine an Indian drawing-room,—not large, but comfortably furnished. The rays of the afternoon sun are stealing through the venetians, conveying more light than warmth. There is a pretty little cottage piano-forte in one corner of the apartment, with a music-stand, upon which are piled books containing compositions by Haydn, Weber, Handel, and Mozart. There are couches, and settees, and teapoys, and spring-cushioned chairs. Upon the circular blackwood table, in the centre of the room, you see one or two vases, filled with Indian flowers,—some numbers of the *Christian Times*, the life of Martyn, and Wilson's Lands of the Bible. Miss Priscilla is seated on a sofa, bolt upright, her eyes downcast, and her countenance wearing an expression of seraphic resignation. Her brother, long-faced and dreary-looking, is posted beside her. My Uncle sits on the extreme corner of a spring-cushioned chair, his mouth tortured into a kind of half smile, and a sunbeam playing upon the shiny bald place on the top of his head. Pretty close to him there stands an evangelical Attorney, with grave face and high shirt-collars. Next to the Attorney, and leaning against the wall beside the sofa where Miss Priscilla is seated, you observe the Rev. Mr. Ernest Hithard,—a stoutish, middle-aged Preacher, celebrated for the vigour and energy of his discourses, and in

particular for the potent manner in which he strikes the Bible with his fists, in order, as it were, to drive home to the hearts of his hearers the truths which he enunciates.

And what, it will be asked, are all these good folks about? To borrow (if I may do so without profanity) a sporting phrase, this is "Settling day;" the exciting race of love has been run; the splendid prize is secured; the parties interested are in attendance; and the "debts of honor" are now to be paid. The evangelical Attorney is present on business. Mr. Hithard is present as a "dearly valued friend." Mr. Grimley is present as a matter of duty. And as regards Mr. Balderson and Miss Priscilla, what *they* are present for, may be left to the discernment of the intelligent reader.

"With respect to the Life Assurance," said my Uncle, blandly, "there will not be the least difficulty about that: not the least, I assure you. Forty thousand rupees, I think you said? The 'Universal' is the best Office."

"And you will of course, my dear sir," observed the evangelical Attorney, "get the papers connected with it signed and completed *before* the wedding."

My Uncle started; but recovered himself in a moment. "Oh, indeed," said he; "oh yes, of course."

"And the money," continued the professional gentleman, "will be left by Will for the sole benefit of—of—the lady?"

"Who will, I am sure," broke in Mr. Grimley, "dispose of it in such a manner as to advance the best interests of religion."

"Hush!" murmured Miss Priscilla.

"And I think," remarked Mr. Hithard, in a loud, distinct, and emphatic tone, "you were good enough to hint, on one occasion, in the course of your intercourse with our beloved sister—for such indeed I may term her—that you could without difficulty obtain a cadetship for her youngest brother, Zachariah?"

"Would it not be well to have that reduced to writing?" whispered the evangelical Attorney.

"The interest upon the fifty thousand rupees in Company's paper," said Mr. Grimley, "will be drawn by my sister during your lifetime, and applied by her to satisfy her own little wants, and to forward charitable and other benevolent objects."

My Uncle began to get a little confused, but nodded his head in assent to the fraternal proposition.

"And you spoke," said Mr. Hithard, in his painfully distinct manner, "of a little cottage on your estate at Moorlands, in Essex, which you would make over rent-free to the venerable parent of our beloved sister—your father-in-law that is to be. He is now eighty-five years of age, and will soon enter the mansions of the blessed."

"Why," stammered Mr. Balderson, "I don't think—I have no clear recollection—that is, I dare say I *may* have mentioned this."

"Don't you remember, as we walked home from Chapel *that evening?*" said Miss Priscilla, quietly jogging her lover's memory.

"I dare say it's all right," quoth my Uncle.

"And you don't forget, my dear sir," observed the man of law, "that you are to pay the

passage of Dr. Abraham Grimley, Miss Priscilla's second brother, out to this country, in order that he may establish himself in Bombay as a medical practitioner?"

"I *do* forget that," said my Uncle, boldly.

The friends of the lady exchanged glances: it was evident they were going a little too far, and that the eyes of the poor old gentleman were becoming opened to the indifferently-concealed worldliness of their proceedings.

"Ah," remarked the adroit Attorney, "these little matters may have easily escaped the gentleman's recollection: when people are in love, the memory generally grows frail."

"It is *my* opinion," said the impetuous Mr. Hithard, uncompromisingly, "that the gentleman *can't* have forgotten it."

"Do not discuss the matter further, I beg," appealed Miss Priscilla.

"I *will* discuss it," said Mr. Hithard, "and I'll tell you why. Because my duty demands my doing so. I am never deaf to the call of duty. Emphatically I assert—and I have not only Mr. Grimley's, but Miss Priscilla's own word for it—that Mr. Balderson *did* offer to defray the expense of Dr. Abraham Grimley's passage out to India." And Mr. Hithard advanced to the table, and struck it a heavy blow with his clenched fist—a sure sign that he was determined not to give in.

"Let the point be conceded," was the calm advice of the Evangelical Attorney, who observed my Uncle fidgetting on his chair, while the corners of his mouth indicated the progress of a mental struggle.

"No, sir," cried Mr. Hithard. "Truth above every thing. Mr. Balderson must admit that his memory is in fault, before anything whatever can be conceded."

It is a true observation, that however the heart of man may be changed, it is a very difficult thing to alter his moral nature. Mr. Balderson was naturally obstinate, or rather, pertinacious, and as he began to see the true character of his pious friends, he resolved that on this point he would not yield.

"Pardon me, sir," he said, rising and confronting Mr. Hithard, "but I do not consider my recollection to be at all in fault. And your remark about 'truth' seems to me to be positively insulting."

"Oh!" cried Miss Priscilla, "*do* end this discussion. I beg, I implore of you. It distresses me. It wounds me. I shall have to retire."

"Do not suppose," said Mr. Hithard loudly, "that I am to be driven, either by your opposition, or by the admirable disinterestedness of that dear young lady, that resigned saint, from the view of the case I have adopted. I assert, and re-assert, and assert again, that you have conveniently forgotten a solemn promise."

"I will not submit to your language, sir," replied my Uncle, sorely nettled. "And if Mr. Grimley does not request you to leave the room, I shall at once take my departure."

The old gentleman seemed to be slipping through the fingers of the Grimleys. The brother groaned in spirit. Miss Priscilla mentally saw her bridegroom-elect melting away in a dissolving view.

The evangelical Attorney trembled for a heap of remunerating business which he feared would be lost to him. A general effort, therefore, was made to restrain the impetuous Hithard; and the two had nearly succeeded, by their united expostulations, in silencing that reverend gentleman, when my Uncle rose, took his hat, and crying, "You are a d—d mercenary set!" rushed madly out of the room.

Horror instantaneously overspread every countenance; but whether it was horror at the oath, and the fearful depravity it manifested, or horror at the impending loss of the wealthy husband Miss Priscilla had so nearly caught, I have no satisfactory means of determining.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

The Grimleys did not resign their prize without a struggle. They waited twenty-four hours to give my Uncle the opportunity of a spontaneous return to reason; and then, finding that he was resolute in his determination to break off the projected alliance, they sent successive deputations, clerical and lay, to endeavour to awaken the old gentleman to a sense of his grievous wrong-doing. When the deputations came, Mr. Balderson received them with civility, heard what they had to say, and told his own story in reply. Some of them were surprised; some shocked; and some listened to his tale with evident incredulity. One elderly person, a highly respectable elder, or deacon, or some other kind of Church dignitary, shed tears which he did not affect to conceal, and told my Uncle lugubriously, over his white pocket handkerchief, that he feared his heart was not right, and that a little prayer and repentance would do him good. Another waxed piously indignant in behalf of Miss Priscilla, and declared that nothing but the strong religious convictions of that injured saint could possibly save her from expiring prematurely of a broken heart, in all her youth, beauty, and goodness. A third adopted a conciliatory tone, and calling himself my Uncle's sincere friend, besought him, for his own sake, to repair, before it was too late, the injustice which his good sense must tell him he had committed. But all was of no avail. Mr. Balderson remained unmoved. He asseverated that the Grimleys had formed a "plot" against him, and wished to secure him merely for his money; and I believe he continued, to his dying day, to entertain this view of the case, notwithstanding the efforts that were made to persuade him that it was a complete delusion.

Finding expostulation useless, the evangelical Attorney intimated to my Uncle, without much circumlocution, that by the course he had pursued, he had rendered himself liable to an action for "breach of promise." Mr. Balderson, he said, of course knew his own affairs best, but he could tell him, as a professional man, that this was just a case in which the court would unquestionably give very heavy damages. Letters had passed between him and the lady. Conversations had been overheard. It was notorious that a marriage was contemplated.

Even he (the evangelical Attorney) had been called in professionally to give advice about the settlements. Never was there a clearer case. And then it might be proved that Miss Grimley had suffered intensely—very intensely indeed—from his cruel desertion of her. Possibly Mr. Grimley might be averse, considering his position, to resort to a Court of Law for the redress of the injury his sister had sustained; but of this he (the man of law) was by no means certain; and as a friend, he would counsel Mr. Balderson to beware, for without doubt the subject *had* been talked of by the reverend gentleman.

My Uncle shook his head. They might do their worst. He was convinced they were a mercenary set, and he would have nothing to do with them. Mr. Balderson, remarked the evangelical Attorney, might not be aware that the opinion of two eminent members of the Bombay Bar had been taken, and that they concurred in considering the case a very clear one.

My Uncle said he did not care a straw for the whole of the Bombay lawyers put together—Barristers, Attornies, and all.

This awful recklessness led the evangelical gentleman to question my Uncle's sanity, and caused him to take a rather hasty departure,—never, I believe, to return.

The Grimleys did *not* bring their action. Miss Priscilla did *not* die of a broken heart. Indeed, I understand she lives to this day, and has recently put forth a pretty little volume, entitled "The Vale of Tears," which critics declare to be pervaded by a trusting piety, mingled with a sweet melancholy.

Many years have elapsed since my Uncle's third courtship, and, to the best of my knowledge, he never afterwards addressed any lady, young or middle-aged, in the language of love. Without being soured by his disappointments, he seemed to be rendered more grave and taciturn by them; and though he dropped the acquaintance of such of his friends as were "pious overmuch," he continued to give useful countenance and substantial aid to numerous local charities, so that the Grimley *coterie* were deprived of the consolation they might have drawn from a well-founded charge of "backsliding" against him.

That he felt one morning a tremor of emotion when an injudicious friend informed him abruptly of the marriage of Dr. O'Flummery, of H. M. ——, to Mrs. Walsingham Spread, relict of the late Major Walsingham Spread, of His Highness the Nizam's Service, I believe is a well-ascertained fact; but the feeling could only have been of a transient nature, for he was observed to take his breakfast as usual, and evinced lively symptoms of satisfaction when the same friend, not long afterwards, mentioned a report that his old acquaintance, Lieut. Patter, was about to be made an A. D. C. to the new Commander-in-Chief.

All the world knows that Mr. Adolphus Polish is now ——— of ———. Notwithstanding his advance in years, and the great elevation he has obtained, he still exhibits a good deal of the dandy, in manners as well as appearance; and there are, I regret to add, some villainous rumours abroad,

to the effect that Mrs. Polish is "dreadfully extravagant," and that the course of matrimony, in the case of this elegant couple, has not run any smoother than that of the true love which linked their hearts together.

Poor Grubbins is dead. If he had only had Debt to contend with, he might have equalled, or surpassed, Methuselah in longevity, for never did a man exhibit greater heroism and intrepidity in the combat with pecuniary difficulties. But unhappily he was one day arrested by sickness, and found the prescriptions of the Doctors more potent than the processes of the Supreme Court. After a few hours' illness, he gave up the ghost, and was consigned to the narrowest of all earthly prisons. When his widow came to examine his papers, she discover- a bulky Will, full of innumerable bequests, but as the Major's assets bore about the same proportion to his debts as a molehill to Mount Blanc, the legatees of course got nothing. I fancy that Grubbins must have been impressed with the conviction that some day or other that tide must come in his affairs,—

"Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,"

and fearing lest prosperity might so dazzle him as to make him neglect his duty, determined to avert this calamitous result by making his last Testament in the days of his adversity, when his property was entirely visionary. After his death, Mrs. Grubbins went home, taking Angelica with her; and I am informed that they were last heard of, living in very poor style somewhere in the neighbourhood of Brompton, and that Angelica was about to be led to the hymeneal altar by a fat little bald gentleman with a squint, who had been an eminent tallow-chandler, and from a union with whom, in her palmy Indian days, she would undoubtedly have shrunk with horror, had any body had the temerity to propose it. The reader will oblige me by pitying Angelica. She once (as he will remember) bestowed her compassion upon myself and Arabella; and I wish, in common justice, to return the compliment.

My Uncle Ben has retired from the service, and now lives on his estate at Moorlands, surrounded by all the comforts, and many of the luxuries, of life. He has his chutnees, and curries, and *pilaus*, just as regularly as though he were in India, and his usual beverage (for he has given up teetotalism) is Bass's Pale Ale, which he says he shall drink till he dies. Every day, after dinner, an elderly servant out of livery, whom he calls his "*boy*," brings him a silver-mounted hookah, which he puffs for about three minutes, when he falls into a pleasant nap, allowing the "snake" to slip out of his mouth to the ground, which serves as a signal to the "boy" to take the hookah away again. At first, he was unfortunate with his house-keepers, the old ones teasing and tormenting him, and the young ones trying to attract his attention with matrimonial views; but he has now obtained the services of a respectable middle-aged person, who seems to take great care of him, and to suit him remarkably well.

I am now a Brevet Major; and as it is pretty well known that I shall succeed to my Uncle Ben's property on his death, of course

I have a most extensive circle of friends. Arabella is no longer girlish; and though I vow she has not a particle of pride about her, there *is* sometimes a quiet dignity in her demeanour, which seems to say that, having out-lived the contempt of society, she can appreciate, at precisely its correct value, the respect that society now seems inclined to pay her. We have two fine boys, who are shortly going home to be educated; and Arabella is at this moment sitting beside me, coaxing me to accept an invitation which the last overland mail brought me from old Mr. Balderson, to take my furlough at the same time, and spend a couple of years with him at Moorlands.

"Now *do* go; there's a dear, *dear* Ned," says my little wife, in her old irresistible way. "You won't refuse *me?*"

"Well," I reply, after a few minutes' grave reflection, "I think I *will* go. We'll settle it all next week."

So we shall soon be "Homeward bound."

THE WIDOWER'S "LAMENT."

In the most early morn
I rise from a damp pillow tempest-tost,
To seek the sun with silent gaze forlorn,
And weep for thee, my lost—Mary.

For best I think of thee,
Beside the duskest shades, or brightest sun,
Whose mystic lot in life it was to be
Out-smiled, out-wept by none—Mary.

And so my heart's despair
Looks for thee ere the firstling smoke hath curled,
Whilst the wrapt earth is at her morning prayer,
Before she putteth on her work-day air,
And robes her for the world—Mary.

Thou morn that knew no eve
In beauty as in beauty thou art gone,
In widowhood renewed I learn to grieve,
Whilst thou dost still shine on—Mary.

In beauty thou art gone,
As some bright meteor gleams athwart the night,
Gazed on by all, but understood by none
And dying from its own excess of light—Mary.

M.

FEMALE EDUCATION IN N. W. INDIA.

It has been constantly cast as a reproach against the rulers of India, that with vast resources, and efficient means to work with, in the course of upwards of a century, they have effected little or no progress towards rescuing the country under their dominion from the state of ignorance and semi-barbarism, in which they received it from the hands of the Mogul Emperors. How far the reproach may be true we will not undertake to say; nor would we strive to defend our honorable rulers, and assert that they have made the utmost progress in their power.

But amongst the many able men who have expatriated themselves for a time, in search of fame or wealth, there have been not a few who have turned their attention to the subject of Indian civilization, and enquired into the causes, which obstruct the progress of this country towards moral improvement and enlightenment. Many noble efforts have been made, and partially blessed with success. Education of Hindoo youths has been advocated, tried, and found to answer. Numerous instances of individual labor might be produced, and the success which attended their endeavours proclaimed. But whether single or united, all the zeal and energy which have been displayed by the most philanthropic of our fellow-countrymen, have failed to produce in India the same results which would have attended the labor of the same men in the West. The causes of this it is not difficult to ascertain.

An acquaintance with the history of the nations of antiquity teaches us the general principles which promote or retard civilization, and from thence we are enabled to form deductions and conclusions regarding the present state of Indian civilization, and the prospect of its advancement towards a state of moral and intellectual cultivation.

The chief obstacle which presents itself to the labors of a Reformer, is the present lamentable state of Female degradation, which, common to all countries, who have not emerged from the dark era of primitive barbarism, is, in India, rendered peculiarly durable and invincible by the habits and feelings of a people, who measure every apparent or remote improvement by the standard of ancestral custom, and reject whatever does not strictly accord with the rule of their forefathers.

Experience has shewn that the savagest nations of the earth hold the most tyrannical sway over the female sex,—regarding woman as the mere instruments of gratification, or means of propagating the human species, and condemning her to perform the most menial offices. Considered little better than a brute, and in many instances treated with less regard than a favorite animal, she is the slave to the will of a capricious lord, and we are shocked with the tales of misery and shame which the brutal superiority of man has inflicted on the fair daughters of Eve. Without rights, and presumed to be utterly destitute of feeling, the

women of the barbarous nations of old were bought and sold as household stuff; the highest and happiest condition they could hope to attain was that of a mild servitude, and even in the palmy days of the Roman Republic, the husband possessed absolute control over his wife, and exercised the judgment of life and death, which might be inflicted on the most trivial suspicion of infidelity, or even of intoxication.

But as a nation advances in civilization, the condition of woman becomes gradually ameliorated by the refinements of social life. We see her exalted and respected, till, by degrees, we find her not only placed on a level with man sharing his glory and his rank: but, as in our own country, we have the bright spectacle of a Queen accounted worthy to hold the sceptre over millions of men, and receiving from them the grateful homage due to a sovereign, and the love and respect paid to the superior virtues of a woman.

We might take the converse of the proposition as equally true, and say, from experience of the past, that until the weaker sex is honored and raised towards a level with man, civilization can find no genial soil in which to take root and flourish. The two go hand-in-hand, the one paving the way for, and in turn being assisted by, the other, and in the progressive stages of social refinement we may observe the proportionate advance in civilization.

The tyranny of the Oriental nations over their wives has passed into a proverb, and the tales of despotic cruelty and oppression which have horrified, though they have not surprised, our ears, have made us acquainted with the fearful degradation of a sex, who, in the opinion of the followers of Islam, are possessed of no souls. From their Mahommedan conquerors, the natives of Hindoostan too readily learned and adopted a custom which accorded so well with their prejudices, and following the example of the Mussulman despots, they hastened to immure their females in Zenanas, and thus, by the intervention of walls, to shut them out from the gaze of the world. It is true that out of necessity, and the force of habit, has arisen an opinion amongst the fair ladies of higher rank, that appearance in public is inconsistent with their dignity, and that the intervention of the veil is requisite to preserve their beauty from the unhallowed gaze of an admiring multitude.

But it is curious to observe the utter futility of the schemes, and the impotence of the men who would boast themselves all powerful. Holding woman in the most abject contempt, allotting to her the most servile functions, they are nevertheless the slaves of the sex they despise; and the influence of a designing Harem has, not unfrequently, decided the fate of a kingdom.

It is needless to detail the thousand precautions adopted by a sensitive people to guard themselves from the effects of their own short-sightedness. Every expedient that frantic jealousy could suggest was resorted to, but to no purpose. Bolts and bars, walls and the most stringent laws, were in vain opposed to the dangerous curiosity, or more culpable love of a wanton beauty. They heard not, or heard unheeding, the voice of reason, which dictated that the strongest bars to female

virtue are conjugal love, and that the enfranchisement and ennoblement of woman is but the prelude to the exaltation of the nation.

The question then at present, and the object of this paper, is to discover whether the time has yet arrived, whether the people are sufficiently advanced to desire or appreciate the enfranchisement of females, and to consider the means by which it may be effected, as well as the causes which would retard its progress.

The successful experiment of establishing a female school in Calcutta, through the indefatigable exertions of the Legal Member of Council, would appear to answer the question as to the present being a fit time for taking this important step. But without any intention of speaking disparagingly of Mr. Bethune's school—on the contrary, we wish it every success, and are most anxious to see the praiseworthy example set by him more generally followed throughout Bengal; yet it must be remembered that the zeal of a Calcutta community cannot be taken as the index of the feelings of the Indian Public. The establishment of a school in Calcutta would afford no *primâ facie* facility for the foundation of a similar institution at Allahabad or Agra. Far be it from us to attribute to the natives of Calcutta the unworthy motives, which have been hinted at by some of the public papers, as the stimulus to this novel and hazardous experiment. Hazardous we call it, for amongst a nation, where the iron rule of custom has greater weight than the strictest laws, any deviation from the paths of his ancestors is almost sure to involve on the enlightened trangressor ex-communication from the society of his brethren. We believe that the patriotic individuals, who have come forward to the aid of Mr. Bethune in carrying out his scheme, are actuated by the highest motives of benevolence and charity towards their fellow countrymen. But the inhabitants of Calcutta are half English. The more wealthy and respectable Baboos read, write, and converse in English, and even in their own private transactions, they adopt the more copious language of the English, in preference to their own meagre and bastard dialect. Their constant intercourse with foreigners, and a thorough acquaintance with British manners and customs, has forced enlightenment upon them, and placed them in a more advanced position than their brethren of the North Western Provinces.

It is now some time since Colleges and Schools were established at Benares, Agra, Delhi, and other places, for the education of Indian youths, numbers of whom are yearly sent forth into the world, well educated in their own, and many in the English language, but all made acquainted through the medium of one or the other, with the principles of history and the liberal sciences. The numbers of such men increase yearly, and even now they form a very important body in estimating the probabilities and means of securing the success of the scheme under consideration. We cannot indulge ourselves in the happy thought that *all* who come from these Seminaries are deep-thinking, sensible men, but arguing

from the analogy of other countries, and from the knowledge of the general character of the natives of India, we may fairly presume, that the average of students has been taught by the light of education to believe that, when female virtue and the female character are respected and exalted, the general tone of manners will assume a higher aspect, and more refined views will be entertained. It is true, that if the question be put, whether they do not think that such a reformation in their country would be beneficial, the majority would evade the home-thrust by a reply that the females of the East are not constituted as those in the Western hemisphere, and that it is contrary to custom to permit them to share the dignity and freedom of their husbands. We have conversed with natives on this subject, with men who have not had the benefit of a Government education, and they have acknowledged that the education and enlightenment of their females would be a blessed boon, but they have added, that there is no native who could undertake this task of bringing about such a revolution. He would be expelled at once from the society of his brethren.

We have then a body of educated men who are alive to the importance of the exaltation of the female sex. We have also a body of intelligent natives, who are sensible that such a step, could it be taken, would be attended with beneficial results, for we presume that in our random conversations with one or two men, we have not fallen in with the only specimens of enlightened Hindoos; and it may fairly be taken for granted, that there are many who are of the same opinion.

We shall not be accused of indulging in Utopian ideas, when we predict that the introduction of railroads will give an impetus to the genius of India, and will open so completely a new era to the minds of the astonished natives, that many of their long-cherished customs and darling prejudices will vanish away before the power of steam. The rapid spread of commerce, and the facilities of communication with the remotest parts of India, will all tend to awaken the dormant energies of the Hindoo. The application of steam to locomotive purposes was decidedly productive of a revolution in the minds of the British, and it has been followed by numberless other important discoveries, which have been called into existence, or hastened by the introduction of steam. Allowing therefore for the difference between the character of the two nations, we may still, with reason, presume that the march of intellect will be marked and rapid. At such a time then, when their whole ideas are undergoing a thorough change, we have a favorable opportunity afforded for attempting one of the most important of all changes—the amelioration of the female sex of Hindoostan.

Thus then we have a body of the most intelligent Hindoos, ready to hail the introduction of a measure, which they dare not be the first to commence, and we have arrived at an era in Indian History, when we may expect, without presumption, that British talent, and British enterprise, will produce a mighty intellec-

tual revolution in the minds of our Indian subjects.

But the most perplexing question, and one which requires the greatest energy of thought, is how to set about this important work judiciously, and in a manner which is likely to ensure success. No one is more sensitive of his rights and prejudices than the Hindoo. To attack openly the faulty parts of his system, and to ridicule or cry down what he has been accustomed to revere and uphold, is the surest way to produce failure. Conciliation and persuasion are the weapons to be used. For this reason, it could not be a measure for Government to take up. Whatever the ruling power advises, is considered as an order by the people, who have been taught by their Mussulman despots that "to hear is to obey." Were such a scheme taken in hand by Government, the obsequious natives would render a cold and heartless submission, but alarmed at the forcible introduction of a measure so repugnant to custom, they would only entrench themselves more firmly within their prejudices, and making it a point of national honor, would do their utmost to frustrate the benevolent intentions of Government.

It is only to the united and continued exertions of single individuals, working in unison as a body, and yet separately in their own sphere, that we can look for the successful introduction of this revolution.

There are, we are happy to think, many Englishmen in almost every district of the N. W. Provinces, who have rendered themselves respected and beloved by their frequent acts of kindness and liberality, and who are looked up to by the more respectable natives of the district. If therefore they could be induced to extend their benevolence further, and join in concert to persuade the most influential of the native gentry around them to enter into the project set before them, we feel persuaded that there are many who would come forward and set an example to their brethren of patriotism in endeavouring to break through the film of ignorance and superstitious darkness, which shuts them out from the glorious light of civil liberty and social refinement. We feel confident that such gentlemen could be found; and we may go further and say, that in the further development of the system, there would not be wanting truly noble-minded Englishmen, who would aid in the work thus begun, and taking compassion on the benighted state of their fellow-creatures, would endeavour, by imparting to them the blessings of instruction, to raise them from their present degraded condition.

No innovation on the established habits of any country can be introduced easily, or without much opposition, and we do not for one moment underrate the difficulties attendant on any attempt to carry out the present scheme. We feel convinced that the efforts of Government would fail; that the exertions of one individual would be lost; but we confess ourselves sanguine, and we think reasonably so, that the quiet, unostentatious, yet vigorous labour of a body of English Christian gentlemen, would be blessed with some effect. Great results cannot be expected in a short time. It is only the

continual dropping of water that takes effect upon the rock. Patient labour may for a time appear to be requited with little or no success, but if the work be set about in a proper manner, by men who have really the good of their fellow-creatures at heart, we are loath to believe, that the blessings from on High will be withheld from a scheme which has for its object the amelioration of mankind.

Great will be the prejudices to be overcome; many and long will be the disputes to be carried on; but let it be remembered that one native, gained over by the persuasion of superior argument, is a far greater prize than a dozen who listlessly assent. If there be evidently a strong feeling on the opposite side, and a pre-determination not to be convinced, any attempt to persevere in argument would be to produce irritation. All that could be done then would be to retire from the field for a time, in the hope that the progress made in other parts may gradually soften the obstinacy, or overcome the scruples, of the more prejudiced. There are few however of this kind, and it would generally be found that a spirit of enquiry prevails, and that the natives would be very ready to listen to, and in most cases approve of, the arguments adduced. And these arguments, let it be borne in mind, are neither few nor weak. From their own books, we are told that a woman, Liláva-ti, was skilled in mathematical and other science; and even supposing that she was an ideal personage, yet this is but an additionally strong link in the chain of argument, for a zealous and prejudiced nation would not willingly exalt a sex whom they despise, and take the most favorable example of talent and learning from a woman. Again, as we have before mentioned, the custom of secluding their women was borrowed from their more powerful conquerors, and we would fain believe that this retrograde movement in the march of intellect, was the result of a compulsory or obsequious obedience to the mandates of the Moguls, rather than in accordance with the dictates of their own reason. Be the cause what it may, it is not our purpose now to stop and enquire; it is sufficient to know that long used habit has fixed the fate of the Hindoo woman. But even here it may be fairly urged that the custom of ages preponderates over the habits of a few hundred years, and they may be induced to listen to the wisdom of their primitive ancestors. Then again an appeal to the state of Europe, and especially our own country, would not be lost on the mind of the intelligent Hindoo. We might multiply arguments, but it is needless to do so. To those who are really interested in the subject, and would be willing to take part in such a work as the present, arguments would plentifully suggest themselves.

It is with diffidence that we venture to offer these remarks to the public, knowing that other and more gifted minds could place the subject in a more forcible and convincing light. We pretend to no power of eloquence, no superiority of talent; nought but the conviction that something ought to be done for the amelioration of Indian females

has induced us to offer these crude suggestions. But having taken upon ourselves to speak, we would proceed to specify our views on the practicability of *schools* for girls. Supposing that we were successful in overcoming the prejudices of the people, we are at present inclined to doubt the success of schools in general, such as is established by Mr. Bethune in Calcutta. It is a great point to get a native to allow his daughter to be educated at all, and to abandon her to the charge of a mistress in an establishment away from her home, and exposed, he knows not to what dangers, is a great trial to a native's faith in our system, and perhaps a greater one than he could bear. Other means might be devised of communicating instruction, and it would be time enough to discuss the details of a system, when the period arrived for its being put into operation.

It has been the policy of our Indian Government to recognise no religion as paramount, but to grant to all faiths the utmost toleration consistent with good government. For this reason, in our schools and colleges the doctrines of Christianity are not forced upon the Hindoo; nor is the Mussulman required to acquaint himself with the religion of Brahma. This policy has called forth the utmost censure and the highest praise from opposite parties. For ourselves, though sincerely anxious to see Christianity spread through the length and breadth of Hindoostan, we cannot but applaud the policy of the first Indian Rulers, who, in order to gain the salutary point of the introduction of education at all, determined that the scruples of the high-minded and enquiring, but bigoted Brahmin should not be offended, by having to imbibe, with every page of historical learning, a proportionate quantity of the doctrines of Christ. However much we may deplore the depravity and ignorance which prefers the gross worship of Siva and Vishnu to the pure and heavenly-minded precepts of our Saviour, yet we cannot but applaud the sincerity and attachment to the religion of his Father, which makes the Hindoo refuse to receive instruction at all, if it is to be bought at the expense of the corruption of his faith. How far wiser is it to endeavour to disseminate as widely as possible the principles of morality, equity, and liberality, thus ploughing up the hard land of ignorance and superstition, and preparing a rich soil for the reception of the seed to be scattered by the sowers of the Word of Life. If then, it were wise in our Rulers to abstain from offering, in a Christian garb, the education which the Indian youths were so anxious to obtain, how much more necessary would it be for religion to be excluded at first from the course of instruction to be offered to the native women. A surer method of frustrating altogether the endeavour sof the philanthropist could not be devised, than by informing the Hindoo that his wife or his daughter was to be converted. Rather let the gradual development of intellect remove all obstacles of superstitious reverence for the idols of her father; and when education and an enlightened-mind begin to shew her the grossness and insufficiency of the religion in which she trusted, the seasonable voice of the Mission-

ary may be called in to shew the only way in which she can find true happiness—to point to the God in whom, whosoever confideth, shall never be ashamed.

We are not painting an imaginary or extravagant picture, when we represent a native as induced by the light of education, other than Christian, to throw aside the religion of his youth as absurd and insufficient. We believe it to be a fact that many are now in the condition of Deists, having renounced their paternal religion, and yet not willing to embrace Christianity. And it is to these persons that we would desire the efforts of zealous Missionaries to be directed to save them, if possible, from being shipwrecked within sight of a shore, which it requires but a few more struggles to reach and be safe.

We are aware that it may be objected by some, and we feel the force of the argument ourselves, that it is far better to give Christian education to one poor sinner, than to impart merely general and moral information to ninety-nine heathen persons. One soul saved is by many considered a sufficient recompense for a lifetime of toil and labour, and the responsibility which we incur in attempting to educate natives at all, compels us to use all our endeavours to diffuse amongst them the light of the Gospel. But it would be far from our wish to see no attempt made to spread Christianity. It is our earnest desire that the time may be hastened, when "the whole earth shall be filled with the knowledge and glory of God," and we should deprecate any plan which supplanted or interfered with the exertions of the Missionaries. But we think that whilst Missionaries are labouring, much may be done by others in preparing the way for them. Further enquiry may perhaps shew that our fears regarding the native prejudices are groundless or overwrought, and we should be the first to rejoice that such was the case.

To rouse attention, and provoke enquiry, is our great object; and as "the greater the fermentation the better the wine," so we feel that the wider and more general becomes the discussion, the more feasible and wiser will be the scheme eliminated.

Of those who take the trouble to read these pages, there may be some who are yet unawakened to the importance of the subject, and will cast aside with the book, all further thought of the matter. There may be others who find fault with the arguments, yet approve of the main features, and agree that something must be done, yet do not assent to the mode of carrying out the scheme. To such we would address ourselves, and beseech them to give their earnest attention to the subject. Can you devise a better and a more practicable plan. We do not profess ourselves prejudiced in favor of our opinions. Our object in writing this article is not to uphold a theory or to do battle for a particular plan. We would gladly abandon our plan in favor of any other which presented features more favorable for success. Our desire is to encourage enquiry, and we shall consider that we have gained our end, nay, surpassed our sanguine expectations, if the production of this humble article be the means of arousing the minds of our fel-

low-countrymen. All we ask is, that some attempt be made. Let not year after year roll on, and find us sitting still in culpable inactivity. Let it not become the painful task of the future annalist to record on the page of Indian History that a nation renowned throughout the world for glory and honor, who are blessed with the highest arts and refinements of civilization, and who possess the fairest countries on the face of the earth, whose sons rank themselves among the noblest and most intellectual of God's creatures, and whose daughters are the most graceful and accomplished among women; above all that Britons, whose just boast it has been that a slave never landed on their shores, for as soon as he touched British ground, he was free; that such a nation, endowed with the highest gifts and largest possessions, should for upwards of a century have beheld in their own territories, with listless apathy, and unmoved indignation, the most disgraceful of all kinds of slavery—the slavery of degraded intellect!

THE RIVERS.

From the sire of waters, the boundless ocean,
Ever the vapours and dews arise,
On they throng with ceaseless motion,
Where mountain summits adore the skies.
There, in the cherishing breast of earth,
They gather and gather, until at last,
As rivulet's fountains, they spring to birth,
And in youthful energy, fierce and fast,
Leap down the rocks like flashes of light,
In glancing cascades and foam bells bright.
Then in mid course......
Calm and profound,
Flow they through the busy plains,
Fertilizing all around,
Bearing traffic to far domains,—
And at last......
With speed abated,
Float they into ocean's breast.
There, whence first they emanated,
Finding everlasting rest—
Wisely named are the rivers then,
Emblems of the souls of men.

K.

MR. MARTIN SHUTTLECOCK'S ADVENTURES OF A JOURNEY "HOME" VIA TRIESTE.

RELATED BY HIMSELF.

'Bei Prag ist eine Bombe geplatzt,'
Potz Wetter! Wie sind wir da aus gekratzt,
Und wie der Feind kam angerückt,
Da haben wir uns in's Gras geduckt."

There, at Prague, burst a dreadful bomb,'
Potz Wetter, how ran we there all and some!
And as the foe came galloping fast,
We hid in the grass till they were past.

KRAHWINKLER LANDSTURM,
A German Student Song.

THE route *viâ* Trieste is one, which presents many inducements to the traveller returning from India. The celerity with which the journey can now be accomplished; the facility with which the entire continent of Europe can now be traversed, will no doubt, a short time hence, when the means of transit, the advantages of cheapness and quickness in locomotion become more generally known, render it the most popular, and the one most generally adopted.

However, in the year 1848, when "urgent private affairs" necessitated my return to Europe, after a short period of service in India, the Trieste route was still untravelled by the many. The energetic Waghorn had shewn the way, but few had followed him.

I having made the "grand tour" in my youth, and scraped a slight acquaintance with German gutturals, boldly determined on choosing the short cut, confident that my knowledge of "*Ya Wohl*," and other short, but expressive sentences, would ensure my comfort and safety throughout the various German domains, and my speedy arrival at my destination—"Home." A portmanteau, and two carpet bags, well stamped upon by several strong men, containing apparel, &c., and a few Oriental curiosities for friends, with a hat box made to serve on the emergency as a portable dressing case, as well as its more legitimate purpose, a receptacle for one of "Christie's best," formed all my impedimenta.

Thus lightly encumbered I bore philosophically the din, confusion, heat and smoke on board the Steamers; the rattling, jolting, smashing, and crashing through the desert; the pulling, hauling, scrambling, and shouting at the different ports, experienced by every one who has journeyed Overland, and on the *desagremens* of which I need not dwell.

Fortunately escaping the detention sometimes caused by being kept "En Quarantine" at Trieste, I pushed on at once, passed through Vienna without stopping, as I had, during a former visit, perambulated the Prata and Volks Garten, and viewed all the sights in the residence of the Austrian Kaisers, and on the evening of the —— of June 1848, I arrived safely at Prague, the scene of my first adventure.

The old lumbering Diligence, rattling through ill-paved streets, turning sharply round corners, with the usual accompaniment of "Hi Hi, Hôla," crick, crack, crack, crick, from the postillion and his whip, at length rumbled through an arched gateway into the court yard of the Gasthof "*Die drei Linden.*"

A preliminary flourish on the post-horn had brought out "*der Herr Wirth*" and his satellites. Supper was instantly ordered. In a short time a superb hare, roasted to a turn, lay extended before me, flanked by a variety of minor dishes, the odours of which, on the covers being removed, titillated my olfactory nerves, and made me fall to with a hearty good will. My appetite, however, required but little stimulus, this being the first meal I had sat down to in comfort for a long time. A bottle of Rüdesheimer, of the vintage of '34, and a Krug of *baierisches Bier* stood at my elbow. Perceiving the Kellner, with his long white napkin under his arm, fidgetting about behind my chair, I had just made up my mind to send him away on some errand or another, in order to enjoy the repast more at mine ease, when he accosted me with— "What does mein Herr intend doing to-morrow? Does he intend remaining here?" Thinking his questions rather flippant and premature, and a decided interruption of the important business before me, I was about to order him to leave the room unconditionally, when he continued: "Ya mein Herr, an army is in full march upon Prague, and the siege, it is asserted, will commence to-morrow morning early!"

"Army!—siege!—to-morrow! Donnerwetter! what do you mean?" said I, staring at the miscreant Kellner, like one possessed.

With a quiet grin, as if he seemed to enjoy it, the disturber of my peace of mind and supper went on.

"20,000 troops, horse, foot, and artillery, under the Herr General Windischgratz, are said to be about 20 or 30 miles from the city; they are to make a night march, and begin the bombardment in the morning."

I am not naturally of a timid or nervous disposition, but I leave it to any one, if a sudden announcement of this kind is not sufficient to take away one's gusto for supper, however hungry, and disturb one's *sang froid*, however cool and collected one may be.

My knife and fork were dropped, the hare escaped almost unscathed; the preserved cucumbers and pickled cherries remained untouched; and nearly the whole bottle of Rüdesheimer must subsequently have gone down the throat of that grinning rascal, the Kellner, who, I'm positive, had so unseasonably disturbed me on purpose.

I sent a polite message to the master of the house.

He corroborated the waiter's statement, and shrugging his shoulders, added—

"Der Herr need be under no apprehension, the city will be besieged to-morrow, will hold out as long as it can, but what can we do? We'll have to capitulate in the end, and then —— Ah! such glorious suppers,—— music, dancing—— : those Austrian officers are such jolly fellows, and drink lots of Rhenish after a

little fun of that kind. Der Herr will like to stay and see it?"

I replied most decidedly in the negative, and required information as to how and when I could proceed on my journey.

All public conveyances were stopped, but mine host, after endeavouring to dissuade me from going, promised to procure me a private vehicle to be in attendance at early dawn, ere the "fun," as he called it, should commence. Comforted by this assurance, I betook myself to the chamber allotted to me for repose, but for a long time coaxed in vain the slumber I stood in need of. At length fatigue overcame excitement, and I dropped off into a doze. My slumbers, however, were disturbed by visions of hideous waiters, fierce-looking Austrians, siege trains, &c., and when suddenly awakened by a loud noise, I, in my dreamy half-asleep state, thought it a mine which had been exploded. To my unbounded satisfaction, it turned out to be a man shaking my room-door violently, (I having taken the precaution of bolting it) to announce to me that the carriage destined to convey me from the doomed city was in waiting.

Joyful tidings these were, and but a short time elapsed before I found myself rolling through the streets, and out of the gates of Prague, unhindered and unquestioned, rejoicing in the innermost recesses of my heart, at having escaped detention, and all the horrors of a siege.

The day was just breaking, and when the first streak of gilded light, along the eastern horizon, announced the rising of the sun, I could have carolled forth a "jubilate," with the gayest lark of them all, at being free, and whirling at a rapid rate through the fresh morning air.

But, alas! my congratulations were premature. The sun had fairly risen, and its rays slanted here and there athwart the glades of the magnificent fine forest through which I was passing, when, casting my eye down the road we were proceeding, I beheld, to my dismay, a body of Cavalry approaching, their glistening helmets and cuirasses, their long mantles floating in the breeze, leading me to conjecture, that they were the very troops I was flying from. In their rear, a column of infantry debouched from an angle of the road, and their white uniforms put the matter beyond a doubt. The small body of horsemen in a short time met with and surrounded my humble equipage. It was, in truth, the vanguard of the Austrian army, under prince Windischgratz, marching upon Prague. The leader of the party interrogated me; whether my answers were satisfactory I know not, but he peremptorily, although with great politeness, ordered me to return whence I came. This was remarkably unpleasant, but needs must, &c., so back I turned, having made up my mind to put up again with my worthy host of "Die drei Linden," and follow events. Arrived before the old regal city again, I found the aspect of affairs changed. The gates closed, the battlements, such as they were, crowded with the fat Burgers, looking fierce and determined to conquer or die in the good cause. I demanded admittance in the mildest manner possible, and was sternly refused it. Here was a

pretty predicament. I begged and entreated, nay, I even offered to fight on their side, if they would only let me in. But no. All my prayers and entreaties, my disinterested offers of siding with them, were not listened to. At length a bribe, which I ventured to tender to the warlike individual, parleying with me through the wicket, caused the same to be banged in my face, with a "*Nein! Nein! Hier kommt man nicht herein!*"

Enraged at this unceremonious treatment, I made up my mind at once, as they had spurned my offers, to return to the invading army, and volunteer on their side, trusting to meet my friend at the gate, as a conqueror instead of a suppliant, at some subsequent period of the day. Accordingly, with liberal promises of Trink Geld, I persuaded my Kutscher to whip his horses into a gallop away from the city again. We shortly met with the advanced videttes of the Austrians. I told my story to the Officer Commanding, and begged he would have me conveyed into the presence of the General in Chief, at the same time mentioning my desire to become a volunteer for the day on their side. But my arguments and prayers were of as little avail here as they had been at the City Gate. The Cuirassier said—"Der Herr Feldmarshall Prinz Windischgratz, is many miles in rear, and I cannot let you pass; moreover, were I to take upon myself to consider yours an extraordinary case, and allow you to do so, the chances are you would fall in with some of the irregular troops; they would plunder you in the twinkling of an eye, and ten to one hang you as a spy! You have no passport signed by the Prince, and none other will serve. The sooner you get back, and housed in the city, the better."

Upon this, he ordered my carriage to be turned round, and my coachman to take himself off, and make haste about it.

Of course, no entry was to be effected into Prague. How was it possible to make phlegmatic individuals like these, whether Austrian Curassiers or Bohemian militia-men, listen to reason? The more urgent I became in my entreaties to be admitted, the more unpolite and obdurate became the Landwehr-soldat. He even went the lengths of suspecting me to be despatched from the enemy's camp, and of having treacherous designs! He threatened to fire at me, if I did not make myself scarce. My despair was now at its height. To be shot, if I persisted in wishing to enter Prague; to be hung as a spy if I returned to the Austrian army; and if I did not remove myself speedily from my present position, to be right in the line of fire both from besieged and besiegers. As a last resource, I begged to see the Officer in charge of the guard at the Gate. This request was granted, and through his intervention the carriage, coachman and horses, which were recognised as the property of a good citizen of Prague, were permitted entrance, though not till all my baggage had been ransacked, all my little comforts tossed out of my inestimable hat-box, all the cushions of the carriage ripped open, and carefully examined, and even the driver's pockets turned inside out, and boots pulled off, to see whether

they contained any treasonable papers, although I used all the eloquence in German I was master of, after this concession, yet it proved of none effect; I could not gain my point—permission to enter. I had but one alternative left; to make good my retreat out of the line of fire, while yet there was time.

Prague lies on both banks of the Moldau, in a narrow valley, which is shut in by eminences, on the sides of which a great part of the city is built. On the left bank of the Moldau the two hills. called the Laurenzberg and the Schlossberg, form a semi-circle, enclosing a valley, in which the quarter called the Kleinseite (or little Prague) is built. It was on to these eminences overlooking the old city that I betook myself with hasty strides, and arrived there, threw myself panting and breathless on the turf. Had it not been for my anxiety to progress in my journey, (I was going home to be *married,*) and the ill temper brought on consequent to this delay, I should have enjoyed the view before me greatly.

There lay Prague, in size and beauty the third city in Germany, with the lofty steeples of its numerous Churches and its fine palaces, producing a very striking effect. The eight gates of the old royal city all closed and manned; the fortifications with which it is surrounded bristling with bayonets.

In the valley below was the Austrian Army deploying, the brass of the various Regimental bands, faintly audible, on the heights where I reclined. My annoyance gradually wore away, and I looked upon the scene with thrilling interest. I could discern the Aides-de-Camp and Adjutants flying hither and thither, and could even distinguish old Windischgratz himself, surrounded by his Staff. The artillery were drawn up in front within range, and ere long, the first gun echoed and re-echoed through the amphitheatre of hills. The cannonade once commenced, gun after gun boomed in rapid succession, and hurled their iron messengers into the doomed city. A dense cloud of smoke and dust soon hid every thing from my view, and it was only the cessation in the roar of Artillery which announced to me that Windischgratz had delivered his messages effectually, and that Prague had surrendered.

Many long hours had been thus spent by me, listening to the din of battle, without any thing to eat or drink, and hungry and thirsty as I was, I gladly made my way down the hill towards the city, in company with many others, who had congregated on the heights, hoping to be now admitted.

Nor was I disappointed; the gates were wide open, and the streets swarmed with people of all kinds, Austrian soldiers, Jews, Bohemian peasants, and good citizens of Prague, all apparently on the best terms possible. No one stopped or hindered me in my progress to my former hotel, where I hoped to find my baggage.

On arriving there, I found the landlord's predictions fulfilled. Austrians of all grades, and all branches of the service, were there carousing to their heart's content, and emptying the jolly man's bottles of Rhenish and

Steinwein as fast as he could supply them. Amongst them I met my cuirassier friend of the morning, who slapped me heartily on the back, and insisted on drinking glasses with me in token of good fellowship. My only wish was to escape from all this, and my host's services proved more successful this time, for just as day broke next morning, whilst my friends, the white-coated gentry, were still sleeping off their fatigue, and the consequences of their victory, I found myself steaming down the Elbe, en route to Dresden.

Steam by water and steam by land brought me, in the course of a very few days, to Cologne, at which place I was destined to meet with another little adventure, which very nearly proved more fatal than my first at Prague.

I THINK OF THEE.

I think of thee, where'er I rove,
In every flower thy beauty see,
By rivulet and shady grove,
Where violets bloom—I think of thee.

I think of thee, when morning's light
Throws its effulgence o'er the sea;
And when the stars with lustre bright
Pierce through the gloom—I think of thee.

I think of thee, when daylight fades,
And darkness covers lawn and lea;
When deeper grow the lengthen'd shades,
And falls night's veil—I think of thee.

And when I sit all sad and lone,
And dwell on days past joyously,
Of hours and years for ever gone,
Then memory bids me think of thee.

I think of thee before I rest,
When deep in prayer, on bended knee,
I ask that thy name may be blest,
And lay me down to think of thee.

G.

ORIGIN AND PRESENT STATE OF THE "CONTINGENT FORCES" OF THE SEVERAL NATIVE GOVERNMENTS.

7TH.—BARODA.

It was stipulated with the Gaekwar in 1817, that an efficient body of 3,000 cavalry was to be maintained, to act with the subsidiary force, whenever it might be employed, subject to the controul of the Officer commanding the British troops, to be formed, paid, equipped, and armed, in conformity with the advice and suggestion of the British Government, but according to the customs of that of the Gaekwar.

This body of cavalry, under the superintendence of the late Resident, Mr. Williams, performed good service with divisions of our troops, during the last Mahratta war, and was for a time stationed in the neighbourhood of Mhow; while Sir John Malcolm exercised Political and Military authority there; but since its return to Guzerat, it has, I think, been less useful in preserving the tranquillity of that province, than perhaps any body of cavalry of equal extent and similar organization in India. This may be traced to the spirit of opposition, if not of actual hostility, in which the Gaekwar has, throughout the whole of that period, been acting towards us, arising chiefly from the measures which we adopted to secure the payment of this body of cavalry; those adopted to secure the payment of the guaranteed debt; and those adopted in reference to the guarantee of certain allowances in land and money to the Dewan Wellul Rao; but however this may be, our residents at that Court have never, since the Contingent was formed, been able to exercise any authority, either to secure its being placed on a better footing, or for the attainment of any other useful purpose. In a note, Mr. Malet, (then the Assistant to the Resident,) says, the inefficiency of the Gaekwar Contingent having been for many years fruitlessly represented to His Highness, Sir John Malcolm determined to take it from him, and sequestered sufficient revenue to defray the charges; the Officers and men were promised service and protection, if they chose to remain, and those who preferred were allowed to depart: about 1,500 remained, and a similar number were recruited in a short time, making the full complement. Superintending Officers were placed over the three divisions, as well as a Native Commandant to each, but, with these exceptions, no change whatever was made in the excessively faulty organization of this body; however, from its entire dependance on our Government, and the exertions of the Superintending Officers, a better spirit was gradually arising, the horses were becoming of a better description, and the regularity of pay improved the men. The chief fault of this measure was its being temporary. Had Sir John Malcolm resolutely enforced the

cession of sufficient revenues for even a similar Contingent, he would have reformed the system entirely, and it could not have been restored.

Lord Clare, by returning it to His Highness, gave a shock to our credit for integrity, ruined the whole of those men recruited by us, who had not had time to pay even for their horses and equipments, and made no stipulation with His Highness for those who had trusted to our promises; in consequence of which, those least obnoxious to His Highness had to pay heavy nuzzeranas; and many whom he considered to have been in our confidence, or to have been guilty of quitting his service, were immediately dismissed. It is no wonder that such measures as these effectually destroyed the influence which we might expect to exercise over troops of this character in any after time.

In restoring the districts which we had held for the pay of the troops, the Gaekwar lodged 10,00,000 of rupees in our treasury to be applied to this purpose, whenever his regular monthly payments should fail; and agreed that any sum taken from this amount for this purpose should be replaced at the earliest period.

It was proposed about the time the assigned districts were restored, to give up our claims to one out of the three thousand cavalry, provided the Gaekwar would place the remainder on a footing on which they were sure to be more useful both to him and to us; but the proposition was rejected—and the services of a fine body of cavalry are comparatively useless to either State.

8TH.—NAGPORE.

By the 11th and 12th Article of the Treaty of Nagpore, dated 27th May 1816, that Government stipulated to maintain, at all times, in a state of efficiency, and fit for active service, a force of not less than 3,000 cavalry, and 2,000 infantry, with their complement of artillery. It was to attend to the advice and recommendation of the Resident, on all points connected with the equipment of the force, the regularity and sufficiency of their pay, and the general discipline of the whole; the force was, when deemed necessary, to be mustered, inspected, or reviewed by the Resident, or the Commanding Officer of the British subsidiary force, and on occasions of actual service, to be employed in the manner pointed out by the latter authority. When in the following year the State of Nagpore joined the Mahratta confederacy against us, these troops naturally remained faithful to their own sovereign, and whatever pains we had taken, or authority exercised, to introduce into their ranks a superior degree of discipline and efficiency, necessarily told against ourselves, as must always be the case, when the distribution of the pay of the troops, the promotion, and the reward for meritorious conduct in the field, or in our own behalf, are not in the hands of our own Officers.

After the defeat of the Nagpore army, including our friends of the Contingent, by the division

of the army of the Dekkan under the command of Brigadier General Sir John Doveton, we set to work in the right way, and organized under our own Officers, to be paid from the revenues of the Nagpore territory, a force consisting of four regiments of cavalry and five of infantry. When the young Raja, and successor of Appa Sahib, attained his majority in 1826, and the bulk of his territory was restored to his management, we retained in our own hands a tract sufficient for the pay of the Contingent, which had been organized under British Officers, declaring, unfortunately, that when the Raja's successful management should satisfy us, that funds for the payment of this Contingent would always be forthcoming: the reserved districts should be transferred to his management likewise.

This seems to have been an unfortunate resolution, for independently of the objectionable measure of transferring to the hands of a Native Government the resources which, through conquest, we were entitled to hold as our own, it seems to have been the first step in the retrograde progress, through which, in 1829, we transferred, or in other words *sold*, this most efficient and highly disciplined force, to the Nagpore Government, for a promised payment of eight lakhs of rupees per annum, little more than one-third of the sum which the Contingent force cost. This measure was highly censured by the Home authorities, and instructions were given that no similar measure, nor any reduction of either of the other Contingents, should be carried into effect without their authority.

In lieu of this force, which was quite sufficient to maintain our interests in the Nagpore territories, when the occasion might arise for calling the subsidiary force into other fields of action, it was stipulated by the treaty of 1829, that one thousand horse were to be maintained by the Nagpore Government under their own Officers, to serve with the British troops in the field in time of war; thus reverting, on a small scale, to the stipulations of the treaty in 1816, which had before proved so disastrous.

9TH.—LUCKNOW.

On the death of the late King of Oude, and after ample experience had been attained of the unsuitableness of the relations existing between the two States, it was resolved to release his successor, Nuzzur-ood-Dowlah, from that portion of the obligations, which, through the treaty of 1801, stipulated that he should maintain only a very limited body of troops, which stipulation had been long and systematically violated by the Oude Government, their army having, on some occasions, amounted to 50 or 60,000 men, whilst they declared that the number they were entitled to maintain was not sufficient for the ordinary duties of the State. To grant them, through new engagements, the indulgence of entertaining troops to an unlimited extent, and as a counterpoise it may be supposed, against those which they might entertain, the

British Government required a yearly payment of 16,00,000 of rupees for the maintenance of a Contingent Force, to be organized within the Oude territories by British Officers, leaving it optional with that Government to abide by the conditions of the former treaty, or to embrace those now offered to it. The latter alternative was adopted, and it was stipulated that two regiments of cavalry and five of infantry, and two troops of horse, or two companies of foot artillery, should be thus organized for service within the Oude territory. This arrangement was disapproved of by the Home Government, and orders were sent out to abolish the force, or to make it our own; the latter was adopted, and the cavalry is the present 6th irregular cavalry, and the two infantry regiments are the 1st and 2nd Oude Locals.

In whatever manner this last treaty would have been carried into effect, it could not have failed to be highly beneficial to our interests, and towards the strengthening of our military position in that country. It was, in short, an augmentation to our strength, to the extent of troops, which 16 lakhs per annum would have paid. It appears to me, however, that in the details of the measures, certain things were objectionable. In the first place, we need not have tied ourselves down to the Native Government, as to the description of troops which we were to entertain, whether cavalry, infantry, or horse, or foot artillery. It was sufficient to them that we should engage to disburse the whole sum in the maintenance of troops within the Oude dominions, and it might have been left to our superior acquaintance with the general condition of India, the description of troops most required, and to our acknowledged superiority, in their own estimation, over all Native governments, in the mode of disciplining and organizing troops, what proportion the several arms should bear to each other. In the next place, the force should have been of the very first order of Native troops, paid and disciplined as highly as any troops in India. Suppose the gallant mountaineers from Nepal should, in the day of our weakness, as it has been supposed so often they would do, venture on an incursion into the plains to plunder Patna or other cities on the Ganges, or otherwise to disturb our power, the Oude Contingent, disciplined and appointed as all Contingents should be for extended and rapid operations, would have been just in a position to cut into the rear of the Nepal army, and of sufficient strength to destroy their operations, and give a good account of them, even if unsupported by the troops of our own Government.

It will hardly be denied by any one who has served with the Native cavalry of India, that good cavalry, man and horse, cannot be maintained under 40 rupees per month, including Officers, the cost of the Company's cavalry averaging throughout India at 63 rupees. The regiments of cavalry of 600 sabres each, and that is enough for any regiment, would therefore cost about 6,00,000 rupees per annum. Five regiments of infantry, averaging about 1,50,000 each, would cost about 8,00,000, and two

lakhs would have remained for the artillery, staff, and contingencies. I have never met with any detailed account of the establishment on which the Oude force was to have been placed, but I have heard the subject discussed, and Officers of our own service, particularly of the cavalry, said that it was to be so much on the footing of our local regiments, that they would neither have pride nor pleasure in serving with such troops, and would object to leave their own regiments to take service there. In the organization of these Contingent Forces, we cannot do better than copy from the Nizam's, than which there are not finer troops in India.

Armed men, under any form of organization or discipline, may be considered power in our hands in this country; even our Native Police is of this description; but under different circumstances, they are power in different degrees; the disciplined soldier to whom the service, in which he is employed, is so valuable or so prized, in comparison with other employments, constitutes power under any circumstances; in a long campaign, in the field of manœuvre or of battle, he is sure to do his duty well, whilst the soldier without discipline or without attachments to the service, is only fit for employment under particular circumstances; and may, instead of being a tower of strength, turn any day into an instrument of danger to the anomalous position which we hold in this country.

10TH.—BUNDLECUND LEGION.

After the expulsion of the Bae (mother of the late Rao Ram Chunder, Rao of Jhansi, who had placed herself in hostile opposition to the British authorities,) by the force under Sir T. Anbury, in January 1838, we took upon ourselves the management of the State. It was determined to raise a Contingent, to be paid for equally by the States of Jhansi and Jaloun; for the preservation of peace, and for duty in those districts. The Governor General's Agent in Bundlecund was instructed to organize a force, which should assimilate, as near as possible, to the one then lately formed at Seppree. European Officers were appointed, and the Legion, which consisted of a regiment of 600 horse, 1200 infantry, and 4 guns, was formed, and brought to so high a state of efficiency and equipment in the short space of one year, as to call forth the approbation of the Governor General, who inspected it in brigade at Oraie in December 1839. The infantry portion of this Legion form the present 34th Bengal Regiment Native Infantry; and the cavalry are numbered the 10th Irregular Cavalry.

11TH.—RECAPITULATION.

It appears from the foregoing details, that there are four classes of troops, composing these Contingents.

1*st Class.*—Disciplined troops fit to take their place in the Field, either of manœuvre, or of battle, with our own Army,

and on whose services we depend under any circumstances. These are the Hyderabad and Scindiah's Contingents.

2nd Class.—Local troops, not fit to take their place in line with our Army, neither in the Field of manœuvre, or of battle, but whose services we may count on under any circumstances, such as the Bhopal, Lucknow, Holkar's and the Joudpore Contingents, consisting of two complete and four incomplete regiments of cavalry, two complete, and three incomplete companies of artillery, five complete and four incomplete regiments of infantry.

3rd Class.—Irregular troops, whose services can be counted on under any circumstances, as the Mysore Horse.

4th Class.—Irregular troops, whose services can hardly be counted on under any circumstances, and not at all in a war, in which States to which they belong are armed against us, as the Nagpore and Baroda Horse.

The above shows, on a rough estimate, the extent of aid on which we may safely calculate from the armies of our allies, in case of a war, which should render it necessary to call our troops to other or distant fields of action; and the description of service which we may calculate that these troops will render, either in accompanying our own army, and sharing in their operations, or in securing our position, and preserving the peace of those countries vacated by our own troops.

The higher the state of their discipline, and the more the service is prized by the troops, the greater, of course, may be our reliance on them; but to secure either their discipline, or to render the service valuable in these troops, it is necessary that we should hold the means of paying them in our own hands; that their promotion, and the power for rewarding them for good, and of punishing them for bad service, should rest with their own officers; that they should, in short, be our own troops.

It is unnecessary here to dwell on the immeasurable advantage of disciplined over undisciplined troops, for that is a point sufficiently understood, and whether these Contingents are to accompany our own armies into the field, or to remain behind, to preserve the peace of the country, and to support our supremacy in it; the more highly they are disciplined, the more may they be relied on, and the more useful we are sure to find them, when the day of trial comes. In this view of the case, it is painful to reflect on the little that has been done, and on the want of system with which we have set to work, to render the services of these troops important to ourselves; for out of the whole body of the 27,000, only 10,000 are disciplined, the remaining 17,000 are of the class of local troops, or altogether undisciplined, and where is the Officer who, in the field, would not risk his reputation, and perform better service with one-half or one-third of this number of good troops, than with the whole body as it now stands?

It is perhaps unnecessary to enter on the description of the services on which these troops are likely to be employed. I have myself been of opinion that they should be considered a force for the general defence of the Em-

pire; in the tranquillity of which, and in its safety from foreign invasion, most of the Native Governments are, or ought to be, as much interested as we are; this is the expence they incur, and the penalty they pay, to secure these important ends, and on neither of the States where it bears heaviest, Hyderabad and Lucknow, does it exceed a sixth part of their revenue.

It is useless to look upon these troops, where they are under British Officers, as a force to be employed in the internal disputes of any one State, or on its police duties, for in their internal affairs we do not interfere, and the police forms a branch of internal administration. The only way in which these troops can be employed by the Native Governments, is for the purpose of putting down unprovoked rebellion, where they choose to make the Political Officers the judges between themselves and their subjects; or of following plunderers or persons, who, from their asylum within the frontiers of any one State, disturb the tranquillity of another, and troops in the highest form of discipline are of course better calculated for the performance of these services, than those in the lowest.

In short, every argument seems to me in favor of forming these Contingents of the first description of troops, and on the highest scale of discipline. They are often posted in situations far removed from our own troops, and in small numbers, where, on trying occasions, their discipline alone can sustain them, and it may not be unimportant to show to our allies, and to the people of this country, samples of our best troops, and the effects which discipline and order are capable of producing, by securing in our own hands funds for the payment of these Contingents, placing them under British Officers, organizing them on one system, and subjecting them to the same regulations, we make them in all but name, a portion of our Army.

L.

Agra, June, 1832.

A RATHER REMARKABLE ADVENTURE.

"On Horror's head, Horrors accumulate."

OTHELLO.

In the very earliest months of the cold season of 1845, my Regiment, in the General Relief of corps for that year, was ordered to the station of ——pore. I had been disporting myself during the hot weather on the Mall at Mussoorie, and eating and dancing myself into profuse health at the Picnics and *Balls* incidental to that charming *watering* place, where every umbrella was a bathing machine, and the sands of life got diluted to the extent of 97 inches of good rain in half that number of days. My unhappy corps, with something like the same amount of liquid (only more lukewarm), had vegetated during those months in the moist fertility of muddy Bengal, so that if I had the *Ball* at my foot, they had at least half *Batta* in their hands, and considering the liquid aforesaid, our chances of being stumped out were pretty equal. As the Regiment was coming *up*, and I was going *down*, His Excellency the Commander-in Chief, with that profound respect for Geography, for which persons in his dignified position are not always remarkable, suggested very kindly, through his Adjutant General, that I should proceed and await at ——pore, the arrival of my comrades. Accordingly, this arrangement was carried *out*, and Fate and a few Palanqueen Bearers carried me *in* to my destination just two days before the gallant *Mozuffurnuggur-ka-Pultun* marched in.

Having no mansion prepared for me, I "*put up*" in the first instance with a friend of mine who held the office of Deputy Collector there, and whose Bungalow might be a mile and a half or two miles from the small cantonment. My friend had, with all the reasonable expectation which his connexion and his father's services warranted, been for some time ardently looking for a direct appointment to the service; but being of a sensible turn of mind, and by no means one likely to permit hope, however long deferred, to spoil his dinner or weaken his digestion, he fell naturally into the discharge of the duties assigned to him, albeit different from those to which his aspirations had hitherto pointed; and having recently been also dubbed Deputy Magistrate from (as Pangloss says, and he affirmed) a sheer consideration of his merits and celebrity—though I am by no means certain that his letter of appointment expressed these precise sentiments—he was now entitled to the inestimable privilege of diversifying his daily avocations with a few amusing inquiries, arising out of larcenies, petty and grand, assaults and batteries, mayhems, shop-liftings, murders, burglaries, and other "undivulged crimes," which he might happen to find "unwhipt of justice" within his dominions; and, accordingly, during the first day of my residence with him, the number of re-

morseless villains he had assisted to propitiate condign justice with, was perfectly awful to hear the list of. The variety of offences and misdemeanours, of a nature and description hitherto unknown, and consequently utterly unprovided for by penal enactments; the alterations and modifications, and applications and extensions of the criminal laws, which it would be his bounden duty to propose for the immediate notice of the Governor General in Council, made one's very hair stand upright to hear of; though he admitted that a wholesome terror of his name had already done much to purge his immediate neighbourhood; and that vast herds of unmitigated blackguards and budmashes had been hurried over the border by a process of somewhat extra-regulational, but at all events strictly extra-parochial extrusion. All this account

'Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts;"
'Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;"
'Of deaths put on by cunning, and forced cause,"

did he so truly deliver, that sleep was out of the question that night, and, like Hamlet—

"Methought I lay
Worse than the Mutines in the Bilboes."

Next day the gallant "Pultun" marched in, and not having seen my brother officers for some months, (my host had gone thief-hunting,) I of course joined the circle of old familiar, and young familiar, faces at Mess in the evening. There was so much to talk of, having reference to intermediate events and incidents, that I remember being extremely disgusted with one of the new "*entries*," as we say in the kennel, *hight* Ensign Cripps, with a face which looked as if it had been just pulled off an apple or pear tree, in an autumnal orchard. His father was, it seems, a small landed proprietor in Kent, and he assured us that it was quite a settled matter before he left England, four months back; that unless an immediate protective duty of five or six shillings per quarter were put upon foreign corn, there would be a most terrific smash; that the Queen would be obliged to give up her apartments in Windsor Castle; that a great many free-traders would be burnt on Tower Hill; and, that as in the case of "Humpty Dumbty," not all the King's horses, or all the King's men, would ever be able to make England what she was, again, any more, &c. &c. He spoke also of French invasion, and of the ridiculous absurdity of such a thing, so long as his father's two game-keepers, and some others belonging to neighbouring gentry, adhered to their original resolution,—which he had heard them express over and over again; of patrolling the Dover cliffs on dark nights, with double barrelled guns; and he remarked that he should just like to see any of Louis Napoleon's people poaching on his Governor's grounds, when Big Joe, the best right-and-left shot in the country was on the watch. This became sadly tiresome at last, and I wished sincerely that Cripps could have had his head jammed into one of the best developed

paternal turnips, and left there everlastingly. However there was a good deal of laughing, and quaffing, and chaffing, and whiffing, and what not, and the party gradually oozed off, or dropped off, one by one; the last thing I saw through the *haze* was the new Ensign snoring heavily in his chair; with four stale cheroots in his mouth, dreaming doubtless of Kentish fire, Kentish hops, Kentish corn, and roasted pippins.

As I emerged from the Mess room, I began to reflect upon my folly in having ordered my pony to be taken back to the Deputy's Bungalow, but the outer air was so full of refreshing coolness, and the night, though dark, was so quiet and calm, that a walk back, I said to myself, and a little sober contemplation, would be just the thing to wipe out from my brain the noise and the excitement of the last few hours, to dissipate the *desagrémens* of foaming beer and fumy tobacco. So forth I stepped, just as the quarter guard "Gunta" told "twelve upon the drowsy ear of night." It never occurred to me for an instant, that there would be any difficulty in finding the road. I had ridden it twice, though that to be sure was by daylight, but the idea of losing one's way between two given points in an open country, barely two miles apart, was so remarkably ridiculous a notion, that I discarded it on the instant. At times the moon, or some portion of her light, showed something of the country, but there were clouds scudding away overhead, which more or less kept always enviously shrouding that fascinating planet, and, always a favourite of mine, now when I most required her smiles, she seemed to peep out pertly for a moment or so, and then to shrink coyishly back again, just as a fair young Nun pulls her wimple over her pretty head, when her eye catches an earnest Hirsute Grenadier looking impudently up at the convent casement. How long I walked, and in what precise direction, may not probably ever be ascertained exactly. I remember that I was constantly compelled to diverge by mud walls, fields of sugar-cane, prickly pear hedges, ravines, &c. until at last I was completely brought up by a very imposing obstacle of the last named description, and there was nothing left but to skirt it, till some more favourable break in the bank permitted a passage. I might have gone about a hundred yards or so further when I became aware of human voices at no great distance from me; in Military parlance, the sounds came somewhere from my right front, and probably the speakers were in the ravine, by the side of which I was walking. Who were they? What did they mean? What business had they there at such a time?—were the problems which seemed to me to be most requiring solution, and altering my course, I made a slight detour upon some bushes which appeared to over-hang that part of the bank beneath which the conversation was going on. Approaching cautiously, I looked down, and there I saw a party of fifteen or sixteen persons disposed in a circle of small groups of two or three each. They had obviously (though the light was changeful and uncertain) only recently concluded their repast, for the ordinary travelling cooking utensils were lying about, and the fires in

the little mud "*choolhas*" were yet burning. An earnest attempt was being made by one party to dissuade some of the rest from continuing their journey at that time of night; it was urged that they had only been a few days in company; that they had all become very good friends, and that it would be far better that all should proceed together after sunrise. The five or six appealed to insisted that they must depart; that time was very precious with them. One said he had a brother who was a Naib Jemadar in some Foujdaree Adawlut or other, whose leave would expire three days hence, and he had promised to be at home to meet him; another said there was a marriage feast in his village, which he particularly wished to attend, and that he was the bearer of some "khilonas" (toys) for the bride and her sisters, and that it was especially necessary they should be presented on a particular day and hour. A third had sent a message to his wife by a traveller three weeks before, to say that he would be at home by the *Porunmashee*, without fail, and home he was resolved he would be; other equally cogent reasons were given, which did not appear to be very agreeable to those who were to remain, and at last a stout grizzled man, in a red turban, who had been called 'Buggut' during the talk, and who appeared to be the chairman of the assembly, said, "Ah! well, it can't be helped," and then, after a pause of a minute or so, he gave three short taps upon the root of a tree against which he was leaning, and continued—'*Let us give our friends some tobacco.*' The words were hardly out of his mouth, before the six poor fellows, who a few brief moments before had been so anxious for *home*, had the *roomal* round their necks—a terrific twist being given by the lever of two muscular arms acting upon the knuckles of the closed hands, and half a dozen immortal souls had winged their flight, beyond the reach of any home of earth, almost in company. The whole thing was so unexpected, that the first feeling it caused me was that of a very sharp cold twinge, as if given by an icy sword, passed through the diaphragm, followed by an impetuous rush of air upwards through the chest into the throat, to burst into the most loudest and most furious shout my lungs could give effect to; but, strange to say, the mighty shout, like the "Amen" in the Highland Castle, "stuck i' my throat." I was just as anxious as Macbeth to use my voice, and if *he* had "most need of a blessing," *I* had fully as much occasion for, if not a curse, at least some tremendous oath, and "wherefore could I not pronounce it." A moment's reflection however told me, that the choking sensation which kept down my cry, had probably, under Providence, saved my life. The poor victims were past all help from man: their ruffianly murderers, although armed now, were, (if I managed well), in my power; and though their lives would but poorly compensate for the misery they had caused to others, still it would be a vast consolation, to myself at least, if I could be the means whereby such atrocious villains should be made to receive their deserts at the hands of justice. To effect this, I endeavoured to fix such features

and peculiarities in my mind as should enable me most readily to recognise their owners hereafter; and I resolved not to leave the place till I could ascertain the direction which they proposed to take, for I felt pretty sure they would not long delay their departure from the spot, in which so foul a deed had been perpetrated. First of all they came to a division of the booty, and it was very mournful to see the little almost valueless trinkets or toys and bangles which the bundles of the dead contained, evidencing at once their kindly natures and their contented poverty; a few hubble bubbles, a few brass armlets and anklets, a strip of coarse muslin, and a little packet of pawn, were the extent of their possessions, while from the persons of those six poor creatures, stretched out with their cold upturned features—(no wonder the moon was chary of her glances upon *such* a scene) their murderers' booty amounted only to the sum of nine rupees and thirteen annas, a great part of it in copper pice, and little collections of kowree shells tied up in the corners of their chuddahs; one could not help thinking how objectless and motiveless the murder had been, in *reality;* and how literally these lives had been taken on *speculation;* perhaps, poor wretches, they had indulged in the display of a little harmless pride as to their connexionship with Naib Jemadars of Foujdaree Adawluts, and had mentioned in the light-heartedness incidental to a holyday visit home, what Raja *this*, and Nuwab *that*, and Sahib the *other*, had said to them at sundry times, thereby leading to the inference that men of such consequence could hardly be so undignified as to travel with empty pockets:—alas! if they did so, who has not done the same?

Just at that moment a brighter glimpse of the moon (though not a perfect one,) revealed to me a small heap of, what seemed like, clothes lying a few yards beyond the corpses of the travellers, when, to my astonishment, it began to move, and at last a child, a girl of perhaps five years of age, rose up, rubbing her eyes, and walking to the nearest body, she fell languidly across it, and began to kiss the cold face. At the first contact she started back, looked again, and a wild scream was checked only by the grasp of her father's murderer on her throat. 'We have forgotten the child,' he said, 'here is a business; she will never take to us kindly; she was too fond of *him*,' (touching the dead man with his foot,) 'a child, and a *girl*, it is very bad, but we must finish the business. I only wish there were more rupees,' and as he spoke, he loosened a fold of his turban, and brought it to her neck. What he was about to do was clear, and I made up my mind to spring down with a shout, and seize the nearest sword, and then, if assaulted by the whole gang, (there were eleven of them,) I would put my back against the rock, like Lord What's-his-name in the poem, and it should go hard, but the lessons I had learnt from Angelo in the Gallery in St. James' Street should stand me in good stead. I had gathered myself up for the purpose of an onset, when my eye fell upon the leader in the red turban. He said, (not in a very loud tone, but it was heard by all,) "*Dekh!*"

raising at the same time his left arm, and pointing with his extended fore-finger to an old dead tree, which stood about twenty yards off on the further side of the ravine, on the topmost withered branch of which sat a *black crow*, who regarded the scene in motionless silence, not making even the usual noise with his nose or beak called "*keer.*"* I had not observed the bird before, and how he came, or when, is a mystery, but his presence seemed to affect the murderers, now that it was discovered. Again Red Turban threw up his right arm, and hissed out the word "*soon,*" pointing this time to his front. The bray of an ass† evidently approaching the gang rung out clear and sonorous; that any note uttered by that most patient and most immelodious of animals could ever square with "the eternal fitness of things," I should have said an hour or two before, was impossible, but strange to say, there was nothing ludicrous or burlesque in the sound *now*, and it chimed in, most fittingly, in its harsh hideousness with the horrible scene before me. "Davee is unpropitious," said red turban, "no more blood; what's to be done with the *chokree ?*"

"I will tell you," said a very ugly one-eyed man in a black '*chupkun*,' "I will tell you how we used to serve them in the '*Deccan*,' we never hurt them a morsel, not us, we used to swing them to roost in the trees;" and, without any assent to his proposal from his comrades, he proceeded at once to put his plan into execution. I was calmed by seeing that further violence was evidently, after the interference of the crow and the jackass, opposed to the rules of their "Order." He first emptied a kind of gram bag, the few articles which it contained being immediately divided among the gang. He then released the child, and threatened her with instant death if she moved or spoke. He snatched her up with an Herculean grasp by her ankles, twisted a piece of his *pughree* round them, and dropt her head foremost into the sack, closing up the mouth round her little legs, and then fastening the cord of his brass *lotah* to the loop, he began to climb a large peepul tree (or *Ficus Religiosa*,) which overhung the nullah. Having got well up into the branches, a comrade helped him up with the bag and its living freight, and he made it fast to swing in the night breeze, till death should make its remaining there a matter of small consequence, or some passing cowherd's curiosity should save a human life to a world of sorrow and misery. The remorseless ruffian returned with a look of triumph at his excellent stratagem, remarking, "She is nearer heaven now at all events, and if *Davee* wants her, she knows where to find her." I began again to note mentally the features of these villains ; to my exceeding horror, there was no sign of conscientious compunction about any of them. Lavater himself would have been at fault. If men's faces are but as Marionette masks, the muscles of which are

* *Vide* Illustrations of History of Thugs, *p*. 297.

† The ass is an adviser to whom extraordinary deference is paid. The Thugs deem the omen of the ass the most important of all whether it threatens evil or promises good,—'*Sou puk heroo ek Dunteroo*'—' the ass is equal to a hundred birds' is a maxim in augury. If an ass approaches the gang braying from the front, it is a very bad omen.—*Idem, p*. 81.

managed by the soul pulling the strings from within, then either the souls of these gentry were the most hypocritical of evil spirits, or, they were as undisturbed mentally by any touch of sin, as a bench of Bishops, or a conclave of Rosy Canons in Westminster Abbey. I was startled by the appearance of two of them, *one*, I could have sworn, was Sheikh Alphoo, the respectable (hitherto) old Mess Khansamah. He had been standing opposite to me during dinner that very day; he had helped me to soup; he had actually recommended some cutlets; what was to hinder such a monster from dropping a pinch or two of white arsenic into either? Who in this state of things was safe? I felt a spasm inwardly at the thought of how entirely I had been in his power. *The other* was assuredly my old bearer, who had only a month ago made such urgent request for leave to go and bury his mother, for the *fourth* time in two years, and whose absence had so seriously disarranged my domestic economy. Besides I had known these two fellows for some years, and however inclined they might be in their respective callings to draw very indistinctly the line between official perquisites, and master's property, I had certainly seen no *ferocity* in their dispositions whatever, and to have, what the Germans call, one's "*Menschenkenntniss*" mistaken, was somewhat galling and humbling.

The gang, it was evident, were now busying themselves in preparations for departure. They first dug a large hole or trench on the opposite side of the ravine, and during the process, as the stones and earth were thrown up, my ear caught occasionally the slight half stifled wail of the poor child in the tree. The bodies were thrown into the trench in a heap, and before covering them in, one wretch passed a spear repeatedly through them, remarking that it "would let the gas out, and prevent them from swelling and throwing off the earth, which would attract the 'geedurs' and 'pariahs,' and lead inquisitive fools to see what the matter was, as if it were any business of theirs." I now began to think it time to be off myself, the sooner I could bring assistance to the poor little girl in the tree the better. I had fully determined to adopt her; she would grow up a very pretty brunette, and I would send her for education to the celebrated Miss Simper's academy for young ladies at Turnham Green. Pondering these things, and inwardly resolving never to venture upon a moonlight (no, a half moonlight) walk in India again, without a pair of Colt's revolvers in each pocket, and a good life preserver, I made a point for what I conceived might be most probably the direction of the Deputy's bungalow. Having gone some little distance, all at once the moon came out most ostentatiously, for the first time that night. Something or other caused me to look round, and, to my inexpressible horror, I saw "Red Turban," "the ugly man in the black chupkun with one eye," the "Fat Khansamah," and even my own "Bearer" in full pursuit of me. I had been discovered! the Red Turban had a drawn tulwar in his hand, the ugly man a long spear, the Khansamah had, I verily believe, a huge carving knife, and the Bearer my own pet cud-

gel. I hope it never may occur to any portion of Bengal Native Infantry to execute so extremely rapid a retreat, as unavoidable circumstances now made imperative in my case. Gracious Heavens! how I did run. "Mazeppa," "Dick Turpin," the "Brave Belges," never cut away at any thing like the pace, and the agony I suffered, when a Parthian glance showed me 'Red Turban' making frightful play in advance, it would be even *more* impossible to conceive than to describe. A huge ravine opposed my progress, but I had long passed the pitch of "*Funk*" at either Acherons, or Styxes (a celebrated river of Hell, round which it flows nine times according to Mr. Lempriere), and what cared I for "Whissendines" and ravines. I sprung at it with a great horrible shout, and down—down—down—down I went, till my head struck against something, I know not what, in the descent, but immediately I heard a clock strike ONE: not as it comes off a regimental "Gunta," but with a heavy Almighty brassy "*thud*," as if the great bell of St. Paul's were brought into a little back-parlour, and made to announce the march of Time to a nervous dyspeptic woman.—And all the while that very fickle female—the moon—kept shining out: how I hated her now: no longer a fair young Nun, but a great conglomerate Cerberean Lamp-lighter. A. 23 Policeman, with his bull-dog face and bull's-eye lantern; a screaming Mussulchee, with his great flaming stinking torch; and an old world "Charley," with his rattle and his blazing red nose, and aggravated crimson cheeks, all rolled into one; down I went with a crash, like a box of Lucifers, until, as aforementioned, that hideous *one o'clock* struck smashing on my Tympanum, and I was lost to all further consciousness.

* * * * * *

When I came to my senses, I found myself lying in my bed-room at the Deputy's bungalow on the floor, with my head on my own brass *chillumchee!* How came I there? The door of the room was half open, and there stood the Adjutant of my distinguished "Pultun," and behind him that horrid Ensign Cripps, with his mouth open, and his gums displayed like "an oyster at Low Ebb," grinning for all the world like one of his Governor's game bags. I signed solemnly to the Adjutant to remove Cripps, and to draw near. I then disclosed to him the horrible adventure of the previous night, and requested him kindly to drive me instantly over to the Deputy Magistrate's camp, as I wished no time to be lost in apprehending these miscreants, and releasing the poor girl in the Peepul tree. I won't say the Adjutant laughed, *laugh* was no word for it. He put his head into his forage cap, and fairly *screeched* again, in a style which would have conferred immortal credit upon the least sophisticated and most unrestricted Red Indian that ever capered and yelled in a War-dance.

After a while, regaining composure, he looked at me rather sorrowfully, and said, "Come old fellow, this wont *hact* nohow whatsomedever," as old Weller says. I have told one lie for you this morning already. The Major cut up rather rough at your absence from parade, so I told him your uniform, I believed, had been stolen from you by the Beloches in the Kheree pass near Mohun Chowkee.

He has never been there, and won't know the difference, but as for your valuable aid to Government in apprehending a gang of Thugs, that won't do; you got deucedly screwed last night at Mess, and I drove you home myself in the buggy; you were in bed by half past eleven. How you got on to the floor is a philosophical mystery of your own devising. I went back and had a grilled bone, and we had to wake up the old Khansamah, who was fast asleep in the Mess verandah; as for your bearer, he has been laid up for a fortnight in the Regimental Hospital with lumbago. The fact is, as I remarked before, you got deucedly screwed, and have had a slight touch of the '*Horrors*.'"

* * * * * *

As Mr. Ford accounted for his miseries in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," by saying—"This, it is, to be married! this, it is, to have linen and buck baskets." So with me this, it is, to chum with enthusiastic Deputy Magistrates! this, it is, to mix Whiskey Toddy and Pale Ale. *The Horrors*, eh! Well, at all events, Othello was perfectly right—

"ON HORROR'S HEAD, HORRORS ACCUMULATE."

R. V.

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

VII.

"FADING impressions float in the memory-like half forgotten dreams; and the mind, in her fullest enjoyments, becomes suspicious of her offspring, and doubts whether she have created or remembered."—SHERIDAN.

VIII.

THE SUICIDE.

Ah! broken heart; we may not pity thee;
Weak beam, which, when the thunder was not loud,
Withdrew itself from sad humanity,
Quenched in the thin shade of a summer cloud.

IX.

No man should expect fame, or even influence, when he points out existing errors, or draws attention, from experience, to stricter forms of truth. The fate of Socrates is, on a small scale, repeated yearly in our streets. Some clear-sighted honest man raises the voice of reproof and warning, only to be crushed by Society for attempting to bring their divinities into dispute, and introduce "Strange Gods."

X.

Yet it is better to be contemned, like Paul and Socrates,
Than be respectable with the Athenians.

XI.

All objective, or external religions, are but so many attempts on the part of the human mind to save itself the trouble of reflection.

REAL HEROES AND REAL TRIUMPHS.

"DIGNUM laude virum Musa vetat mori."
HORACE.

He was not so wrong after all who averred that the world's greatest heroes were seldom to be found among the heroes of the world's own choosing. Not that these are utterly to be disparaged and set aside in the estimation of those who differ from the world at large. Far be it from true philosophy to propound a measure so harsh and inconsiderate. For true philosophy has a large heart of its own, and would reserve a place in it for other idols than those of its own creation. The worth of its own preference is not the only worth it professes to recognise. And so, not rejecting the sort of heroism most current with the world, it puts in a claim to like distinction for the sort of heroism itself regards as worthiest of the popular worship. It is ready to concede all due honor and admiration to the great and shining merits of a Cæsar or a Pericles, a Pitt or a Wellington. It thinks no evil of good Queen Bess, and is slow to credit stories derogatory to the fair fame of Henri Quatre. It only asks for some higher recognition of heroes less conspicuous, but, to its own thinking, more truly admirable and sublime. The heroism it best loves indeed so far surpasses the world's conception, as often to escape the notice it might otherwise enjoy. Sublime in its very quietude, such heroism pursues its even tenor unnoticed, because disdaining to attract the notice it deserves, preferring the silent approval of its own heart, and the speaking looks of its own familiar friends, to all the noisy honors of popular applause, where they poured upon it with ten times the vehemence with which the simple populace testified their love for Chatham, the discarded of his sovereign. Of such heroism history has rescued some few examples from the oblivion it has too frequently incurred. But our business is not with these. We have examples of our own observing to offer to the notice of future times. And of the names that at once present themselves for present selection, it were hard to mention two more worthy of future remembrance than the names of Elliotson and Esdaile,—names distinguished alike by the services of those who bear them, and the cause with which they stand henceforth so prominently connected in the list of subjects which Philosophy is wont to honor with its highest and most enduring regards.

It was a hard time for the faith they came to propagate, when these men first entered on their ungracious task. Few truths of modern discovery had ever gained so little credence after so long a probation, as the one which promises eventually to shew itself the grandest, broadest, most fruitful truth of all. It was not till near half a century after its rehabilitation by Mesmer that the time-old mystery of Animal Magnetism had found acceptance

among Englishmen of any class, and those who had hitherto accepted it, were chiefly of a class peculiarly adapted to ensure its rejection in other quarters. The follies, mistakes, pretensions of its earlier converts had cast a ruinous slur upon the faith they adopted for ends so generally mean, worldly, or chimerical. Its practical results were viewed in every false and irrational light by turns. Some who believed the wonders they could not appreciate, ascribed their working to the old Ahrimanic source of human evil. Others, pre-judging the question on grounds more specious than philosophic, withheld their credence from wonders evidently wrought by human artifice at the expense of human credulity. Less sceptical than alive to personal contingencies, the medical profession threw its influence and anathemas into the scale against doctrines so hostile to the rules of orthodox practice, and pregnant with results so fatal to the pockets of orthodox practitioners. Very few were inclined, with Hamlet, honestly to impugn the soundness of the vulgar philosophy, and admit that there was more in the matter than could fairly be explained by reference to human fraud or supernatural malice.

Among our civilized neighbours indeed the new faith had gained a far more promising hold upon the popular conviction. In sober and speculative Germany, it was already rising into a thing of practical significance. German physicians had taken it kindly by the hand, and German philosophers were engaged in extricating Mesmer's facts from the mass of juggling processes and theoretic jargon wherein he and his first disciples had ignorantly or wilfully embedded them. In France, too, its real merits had begun to obtrude themselves on public notice, in spite of its previous damnation by a public tribunal. A second committee of French philosophers had virtually ignored the sentence pronounced by the Commission, of which Franklin had been a mute, if not dissentient member. M. de Puysegur, and a few others, had already made their experiments known to the reading world. It was chiefly in civilized England that the new light had not yet shone, or only shone through a cloud of prejudice, mis-couception, secret jealousy, and open indifference, which cast a baleful and unnatural shadow on the lustre it could not totally obscure Denounced by the Pharisees of modern superstition for its devilish origin; reviled for its physical pretensions by the Demetriuses of the Materia Medica, it had no means of forcing a fairer judgment from the crowd of Gallios of every class, who followed, as usual, the course which seemed most readily to save them from the troublesome alternative of thinking for themselves. Mesmerism was sinking fast into the limbo of exploded myths. England would have none of it, and as yet British India had hardly heard its name.

To stem the tide of adverse opinion, to rescue a righteous cause from unmerited obloquy, to clear away the mists that darkened its path, and repressed its natural vitality, and to reveal in its full lustre and proper shape the beauty so long disparaged and referred to such unlovely sources,

was a task which few had the courage to contemplate, and only an Elliotson or an Esdaile had the ability to carry through. And, happily for the cause of Mesmerism in England and this country, such bold and original minds were not found wanting or preoccupied in the hour of its threatened degradation.

Among their countrymen and contemporaries indeed, the sort of notice these men have yet achieved falls somewhat below the mark at which Philosophy would rate their claim to notice of a wider and less ephemeral sort. But present fame is not always the precious and significant thing it seems to vulgar eyes. Its value depends as often on extrinsic circumstances, as it does on actual deserts. For, certainly, if the world's appreciation of living worth were judged solely by its public demeanour towards living worthies, we should be fain to pronounce it a very thoughtless and harsh world indeed. Not that its praise or censure, when bestowed at all, is liable, as a general rule, to the charge of being bestowed unfairly with regard to the particular subjects of its praise or censure. Its sense of right and wrong is not so utterly confused, that honor shall be found given where only infamy is due. Whatever mistakes it may be guilty of at the outset, it seldom continues to clap a downright Charlatan on the back for any season, or consign a real hero to lasting ridicule or reproach. Its errors of judgment, when it chooses to judge at all, are errors rather of degree than kind. The praise or the censure may be overdone in particular cases, but you shall seldom see true worth hissed deliberately off the stage, or villains without disguise basking in the worship designed for honest men. It is seldom that posterity has found cause to reverse, however frequently it is compelled to qualify, the sentence passed by contemporary wisdom on the notabilities of bygone days. Time, as it grows older, may feel constrained to deaden and deface the warmer hues, once laid by the excess of popular feeling upon the object of its passing notice, while it leaves the general form and spirit of the original portrait untouched, because unalterable. To the calm and searching eye of modern Philosophy, the true historic Cromwell stands out as great and wonderful a being as he whom Milton defended and Waller eulogised; while the sovereign he did so boldly to death still keeps in some measure through his private virtues that hold upon our sympathies, which all his public misdeeds and unkingly perjuries failed to loosen entirely upon the sympathies not only of all who served, but of many who steadily opposed him.

Not in the notice it confers on particular persons, but in its selection of claimants to particular notice, does the world's judgment appear most faulty and ill-considered. In reviewing the ranks of those whose deeds have raised them in some sort above their fellow men, the world is prone to look with too careless an eye on the merit that appeals the most earnestly, because the least pretentiously, to its regard. Like Paris awarding the apple, it is apt to interpret the "detur pulchriori" in its lowest and most literal sense, leaving the beauty that passeth outward show, to seek a

higher though less open recognition in the hearts of those who would ask for something worthier and more lasting than outward show. A very Jeames in its worship of all that glitters, it too often rates the value of the proffered casket by the value of the gold that covers the casket. The viler metal that conceals the richer treasure has no chance whatever of being noticed in the same breath with its gaudier rival. For the merit that walks in purple, and has its greatness proclaimed abroad to the sound of royal salvos, vain, vulgar, inconsiderate public, has its due measure of homage and adulation in reserve. But the worth that lies in leaden caskets, or wanders silently in peaceful and crowded thoroughfares, must count on many days of neglect, disparagement, ridicule, and mis-construction, before it can hope to win its way to a tithe of the honors so readily lavished on its noisier and more dashing competitors. It is easy enough to purchase a reputation by wholesale slaughter at the cannon's mouth, or a few years of splendid, but ruinous triumphs, at the helm of state. But for him whose days have been devoted to the political advancement of his fellow men; for him who has discovered a way to remedy or assuage some social evil; for him who has striven successfully to raise the intellects, promote the happiness, or alleviate the physical sufferings of his fellow men; for the patriot, the philosopher, the philanthropist, so cheap a recompense for past exertions shall seldom be elicited from the wisdom or gratitude of the age, whose memory their past exertions have served so materially to rescue from the chance of future decay. Wade through fire, havoc and slaughter to the thanks of Parliament and a place in the *Gazette;* slay her Majesty's enemies by thousands, seize their treasures, and annex their lands; and the world will hasten to pour its praises and testimonials without stint at your feet. Walk the hospitals in aid of sufferers assailed by disease and death, heal the sick, and restore the dying to their friends, discover or extend the means of prolonging the life, and repairing the health of Her Majesty's subjects, and posterity may perhaps acknowledge the worth your own cotemporaries have held in such small and thankless regard. A Hardinge may get his service of plate, a Littler his sword, in token of the fame accorded them by the general voice. But what mark of popular approval awaits the nobler but less glittering triumphs of an Esdaile? What else has Dr. Elliotson gained by his bold and stedfast advocacy of a sacred, but unpopular cause; his patient and laborious pursuit of truths denied, ridiculed or mis-apprehended by the world at large; his careful and philosophic researches in a new and wondrous field of physical science; what else has he gained by all this, but the hatred of his own profession, evinced in a hundred ways; the loss of former patrons and present practice, and the sneers of those who doubt his honesty, or affect to pity the strange and sudden downfall of his intellectual powers?

And yet these two men, apostles as it were of one common faith to be promulgated under different forms to people of the

most opposite characters and ways of life, have done much,—the one in England, the other in India,—for which the world shall have reason to be thankful, if not now, at no far distant season. Whatever lot may be reserved for them in this generation, their names shall not be forgotten hereafter, whether for the good they have done in their own persons, or for the good their teaching has already prompted, and shall yet prompt others to do. Their path of duty points especially to the future for the truest and most perfect acknowledgment of their present deserts. And how large these are already, it needs no lengthened survey of their past labors to bring conviction to any candid mind. Working as they have done for many years under the public eye, it is not for a Wakley or McNeile to question the reality or the magnitude of results achieved for the most part under the public eye. As teachers of a creed depending for credibility on ocular proofs, these men had no reason for avoiding public demonstrations of the wonders they professed to accomplish by natural means. The cures which Dr. Esdaile has recorded in print, were beheld by hundreds who came to test the reality of facts which none were willing to take on credence, and most were predetermined to deem impossible, or at best illusory. And the plainest token of his victory over the general scepticism, as well as the fittest memento of his labors in the cause of humanity, yet remains in the Mesmeric hospital, established by Government for the prosecution of his charitable schemes. Equally averse from working in a corner, but forced to select his audience from a wider and more varied field, Dr. Elliotson opens his doors at stated periods to circles less numerous, but somewhat more refined than the bulk of those who crowded to the scene of similar wonders at Hooghly or in Calcutta. Of all the marvellous cures and novel experiments wrought by himself or his followers—and they are not a few—with which the *Zoist* periodically teems, there is hardly one that cannot be attested by proofs at least as convincing as those of Holy Writ.

The courage these men have shewn in prosecuting their labors has not been less notable than the success which has attended them. Despising the ridicule attached to all who wander from the beaten way, in furtherance of their philanthropic schemes, braving the scorn and malice of all whom interest, bigotry, pride or ignorance arrays in open resistance to the spread of new ideas, or excites to secret conflict with the promulgators of new systems, careless of present fame or the injury they might be doing to their worldly prospects, these worthy laborers in the same noble cause have fought and striven, by separate paths, towards the same useful end, cheered only by the sight of difficulties surmounted and good already diffused to the attack of difficulties, yet barring the road to the diffusion of greater good in prospect. Looking to the future alone for the full appreciation of what they have done for the present happiness and profit of their fellow men, they have continued, in spite of popular clamors and unbelief, to teach and illustrate the principles of a creed which, destined

as it is for a wider and fuller development hereafter, has already thrown out some germs of present vitality, in spite of popular clamors and unbelief.

In this respect, indeed, their past services have not been wholly fruitless of present reward, if the pleasure derived from contemplating the mere external results of our own labors be not in itself the best and highest reward attainable in the judgment of a wise and well-ordered mind. For what, after all, are the accidents of earthly fame, compared with the happiness that keeps ever flowing upon us from within? Is not the mind to itself a kingdom, as one of our poets quaintly sings? If the world misjudge our deeds, or stint us of their fitting recompense, have we not a large, deep, exhaustless heart of our own to draw upon, for the needful surplus or compensation? We are not all poets, but not on poets alone was bestowed the faculty of retiring within themselves, and creating a happier and better world out of the stores supplied them in the keenness of their outward senses, or the exuberance of their inmost thoughts. It is a poor mind that cannot readily fall back on its own resources, or has no resources to fall back upon. Give the rein to your mental fancies, or try to survey in a proper spirit—

"This air, this ocean, and this earth,
All nature gay and bursting into birth;"

and pine, if you then can, for the pleasures that man, vain man, has chosen to withhold from you, or the fair fame he has wrongly taken away, even if the hopes you cherished have been baffled and dispelled; if the seed you thought to sow has yet borne no visible fruit, is it nothing to feel within you the warm suffusions of conscious worth; nothing to soothe the sting of present defeat, by looking with conscious pride back to the point from which you started, or forward to the goal which your heart and reason assure you may yet be won?

To men who achieve what Elliotson and Esdaile have achieved, such sources of consolation are open in larger and more perfect degree—for they have not been utterly defeated in the attempt to instil their lessons on mankind. The seed they have sown has taken firm root already in human soil. The effects of their teaching have begun already to develop themselves in many noticeable ways. The belief in Mesmerism, confined till very lately to a few, and almost extinct in England some ten years ago, now includes a large and respectable minority of the English people. It has been openly acknowledged by the Indian Government, and is fast making its way among the better informed and more intelligent classes of Anglo-Indian Society. The believer in Mesmerism is no longer the black sheep of former days. There are many, too, who believe in it to a certain extent, many who have no fixed or definite ideas on the subject, many who are slow to believe, because they have not seen, and some few, who persist in disbelieving what they have seen, or refuse to see what they profess to disbelieve. In spite of the howlings of the Wakley school, the belief in the doctrines they condemned has already made large inroads on the body once destined, by their shewing, to suppress and utterly extinguish so

rank a heresy long before the date at which we are now writing. Among the foremost of Elliotson's present supporters are many eminent members of that profession, which once contained so large a majority of his bitterest and most powerful foes; and of these latter, the few who yet continue their former tactics, are men of little weight and less credibility, compared with those who now stand neutral, or have declared their adherence to the opposite side. In short, the truth has already begun, as truth will invariably do in the long run, to turn the tables upon its late oppressors; and Mesmerism, but now so weak and lifeless, has fairly gained a footing in the popular esteem, from which it can never, in all human likelihood, be dislodged.

And the practical uses of this great modern fact have become more fully understood, and more strikingly developed, the more widely a knowledge of the fact itself has been diffused. It is chiefly through the industry of men like Elliotson and Esdaile, that Mesmerism in England has been raised, from the doubtful grade of empirical studies with which it seemed at first associated, to the higher and more appropriate dignity of a pure and regular science. The fame and fate of Mesmer's Eureka were nearly settled for the worst, when these men stepped out to rescue the unknown wonder from the desecration to which it was exposed. By a series of experiments, not less strange than convincing, they have shewn the world that the thing so ignorantly despised, was destined for nobler ends than those to which it was fast descending as a trap for fools and a tool for impostors. In their hands, the neglected play-thing became informed with a power for producing, on the human frame, effects more strange, salutary, and instantaneous, than all the skill of our wisest doctors had ever produced by any known method of sanatory practice. The light they threw upon a mystery, detected and partially explored by the priests of Isis and Esculapius, but unknown and unsuspected by the wisdom of so many succeeding ages, has revealed, to these later times, the leading properties and true practical purport of a power as marvellous and unfathomable in its nature, as its effects are varied, palpable, and defined. The extent of its magical virtues for sanatory and remedial ends has been deduced by a process as plain and common-place, as the results deduced have been peculiar and inexplicable. Cures, which ancient Pharisaism would have ascribed to Beelzebub, for which medicinal monkery would have raised its shrines and endowed its convents in memory of their saintly worker, which modern bigotry* has by turns depreciated and denied, have been wrought as it were daily before our faces by means so simple, that the dullest may imitate them with the like success, and yet so apparently inadequate to the occasion, that the wisest might feel

* McNeile and Charlotte Elizabeth, and others of the same stamp, were fain to ascribe these wonders to the Devil. The writers in the *Lancet* deny them altogether, and the late eminent surgeon, Mr. Key, refused to believe the evidence of his own senses in a matter so opposed to all human experience.

tempted to ridicule them, but for the reality of the results produced by their employment. The example thus set was speedily followed. The belief in Mesmerism was soon turned to practical account by men of every class and profession in the kingdom. There was now some definite purpose to which it might be applied by all who rightly estimated the incalculable blessings involved in its application. The study of Mesmerism was worth pursuing, when all who entered on it could attain the same results by the use of similar means. Its votaries were no longer to be found among the obscure, ignorant, or unprincipled alone. Among its new supporters were seen members of the medical body, men like Ashburner and Engledue, who had the sense to employ their own professional skill in aid of a remedy, which no efforts of professional skill or prejudice have yet succeeded in matching with another half so strong, harmless, or infallible. Mesmeric and legitimate practice have thus gone, in many cases, hand in hand to their mutual profit and contentment; the surgeon applying his knife without scruple to a patient, whose sense of pain has been deadened for the nonce by Mesmeric agency; and the clairvoyant in his turn prescribing for himself, or others, the use of remedies sanctioned by professional usage, or a course of treatment entailing the exercise of professional skill. While philosophers and men of science have been engaged in eliciting the higher phenomena, and exploring the secret sources of this mysterious power, the more fixed and popular principles of Mesmeric practice have been expounded by laborers of another class, before audiences of every sort and size, and applied alike in the hospital and the private chamber, the cottage and the palace, to the relief of sickness and disease of every type and shade of malignancy. Private enterprise in England, in India the ready candour of a just and liberal Government, established hospitals for the treatment of patients by Mesmeric rule. Literature contributed its quota of adherents to the new belief. The names of Dickens and Bulwer conferred additional lustre on the rising cause, and the former has for some time been numbered among the steadiest friends, and most loyal disciples, of Dr. Elliotson. The periodical press, once so hostile or indifferent, has begun to change its tone; and many of the Medical Journals have either dropped the virulence that disgraced their pages in former days, or betrayed a tendency to adopt, at least in part, the truths they opposed so virulently in former days. Even the pulpit has ceased to launch its orthodox thunders against those who meddled with the accursed thing, and the credit so blasphemously claimed for Satan, in the paternity of a principle which contained such manifold sources of human good, has at length, by general consent, been restored to its rightful possessor, the one eternal Author of all human good. And all these edifying results have been effected in a few short years, in little more than a tithe of the time that had run to waste since Mesmer's advent; and but for the steady zeal of men like Elliotson and Esdaile, such results might never have been effected at all in this generation. Verily, the

authors thereof shall yet have their reward. Their names shall live and flourish with increasing honors, not in the general voice of cotemporary fame, nor yet perhaps at any time in the memories of the world at large, but assuredly in the grateful hearts and approving voices of all, in every age, whose gratitude and approval are worth the earning. There are many worshippers in the temple of fame, and the shrine of such as these shall not be empty, as long as the worship of those who have done good in their generation retains a single adherent among men of sober and discerning minds. For what sings the American poet?—

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us,
Foot-prints on the sands of Time."

And Time, "which brings all beings to their level," shall dispel the mists wherein present ignorance, prejudice, or envy, may yet involve the footsteps of men like Elliotson and Esdaile. Bounteous have been their labors, and bounteously shall their deserts be acknowledged in due season.

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

XII.

A SEA PIECE.

The night was dark, the moon is gray,
A smell of salt is on the shore,
On Sea and Heaven a wild uproar,
And leaden waves and driving spray.

XIII.

There is more weakness in the world than wickedness. You shall find a man give *you* the most honest advice, who is unable, in his own case, to resist a sudden temptation.

RETROSPECTIONS OF A YOUNG MAN;

BEING THE ANTECEDENTS OF FREEMAN, OF THE 76TH B. N. I.

RELATED BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER XVI.

Barring my surprise at the fellow's coolness, I was now broad awake; some movement I made attracted his attention, and he turned round, saluting me with all nautical politeness.

"If so be it's you this paper's for, you'll grant me grace, I think, sir," said the sailor; handing me at the same time a scrip of MS. simply containing the address of a house in one of the most disreputable streets in Calcutta.

"What does this mean, my man?" I enquired.

"The boy that's in distress—him as whistles," he said, "you'd understand;—he's got something to say to you, if you'd be so good as come to him at half-past eight this evening, 'cos why d'ye see, he can't exactly come to you. Sommut about a letter he said."

Difficult as this speech may seem, if you have not the key, I began to see my way, guided (dare I confess my folly?) by the dim refraction of my past dream; and after a few more questions, the answers to which were equally enigmatic, I bade the man say I would be at the appointed place at half-past eight that evening.

Shortly after his departure, some of the officers of my corps began to drop in, and as the conversation re-called me to the realities of my position, the dark visions of the night faded from my mind. So there I lay in bed, in the face of God Almighty's sun, drinking soda-water and brandy, while I listened to the humiliating re-capitulation of my last night's fooleries, and the still more unpleasant view of my future that the company, especially poor Boots, my solitary junior, drew on the basis of a Court Martial, and its inevitable result. At length, under plea of a head-ache, I got rid of them, shut myself in, and after abundant use of cold water, sate down to reflect upon my position and prospects.

There was no doubt about it, I was in a "fix," or rather in several fixes; having been drunk at Government House, when I ought to have been sober on guard in the Fort. I had moreover complicated my private affairs, and laid myself at Agnes's mercy, by offering my hand to one who was as good as married.

And Edith! if she *had* written to me after all; for I felt there was some mystery difficult of solution, in what a light must I have appeared to her. While she perhaps had loved me, and been true, I had been living in total forgetfulness of *her*, till her image had almost faded from my heart. On looking back, I feel that my love for her had passed as a boyish folly by that time, but at the moment I would have denied it at the peril of life; I was as much her lover as ever; I would resign

the service to avoid the Court Martial with which I was threatened, collect the property to which I might be entitled by my mother's death, pay my debts, and roam the world, till I had found my Edith.

Ah! romantic visions of youth, how long can you stand before the scheming coolness of wicked old age? Major Hardiman entered the room, and my heart seemed to contract as a flower might before a frosty evening.

"Well, Master Charles," said my Commanding Officer, "you've been and done it."

"I am prepared for the consequences, Major," I replied, "I am going to resign the service."

"Resign man! why your fortune's made. I saw the Chief this morning, 'Wild young shaver that of yours,' says he, 'Who, Freeman my Lord?', 'Yes,' says his Lordship, 'but got rale souldier's stuff in him. Put him in the front, Major, the first skrimmage ye get, and if he comes out alive, I'll make a man of him.' Those were his very words; adding, 'He made us a speech last night; I laughed till I thought it was all over with me.'

"It's too late Major," said I deliberately; "my mind's made up. I don't like telling you, but I feel that I am not suited for this country, or for a military life. And I have some conscientious scruples about taking people's money when I cannot give them a proper return. Besides," I added hastily, as I saw his nose wrinkling into a sneer, "I'm in love."

"I know; of course you are; with that girl that's engaged to Cox Bloxam; we can all see that."

"No," said I vehemently, "it's not with her."

"Well," said the Major, "I'll be hanged, but you're a strange fellow. Take my advice; recognize the side of your bread on which the butter lies; stop in the Service, and do as well as the rest of us; let Miss O— marry her bold Dragoon, and depend upon it you may see more of her, and feel less tired of her, than if you married her yourself."

"Major Hardiman," said I, "I shall feel obliged by your speaking of that young lady in a proper tone, or not at all."

"Bravo!" cried the Major, "Satan reproving sin. Well, boy, to shew you I don't wish to offend or quarrel with you, suppose I bestow my tediousness upon you at dinner."

"Thank you, Major," I answered, "but I have a particular engagement this evening."

"Why, bless the lad," he replied briskly, "he has more flames than the Pope, or the Sultan either, I think. I think I seem like that old cock that used to teach his grandson draughts. Eh Charley? Well, take care of yourself, that's all, and mind what I say, 'Stick to the Service.'" So saying, the old rascal left the room.

CHAPTER XVII.

So I had a solitary dinner, and then sate to clear my head for what was coming. Having some faint guess as to the sort of persons I had to deal with, I took the precaution of putting a little pair of toy-pistols into my pocket, thinking it better to be independant of

such a Police as there then was at Calcutta.

My syce knew the way to the street indicated, one of the remotest of the Calcutta "slums,"—places, I may venture to say, would match in dark, dingy dirty disreputability with those of any town in Europe; combining, as they moreover do, many of the features both of savage and of civilized profligacy. On arriving near the house which had been specified, I got out of my buggy; the night was gloomy, dark, and oppressive; the moon was hid by clouds which her utmost brightness could only affect with a margin of yellow; nor was there any light in the street, but the spark at the end of my cigar; no passengers but a few lean pariah dogs, snarling and snapping over the garbage of the drain. But while I was still looking for the house, by came some Police Chupprassies, headed by an Irish Inspector, from whom I received the necessary assistance, and presently stood before the door, giving the knocks that had been indicated by the sailor. The gate was opened by some one I could not see, and I found myself in a small, and apparently weed grown compound. Advancing boldly to the door, I was met by a sallow cheeked girl of colour, whose appearance with large eyes sparkling in the light of the lamp she held, struck me as that of a Mauritian. Addressing her a few words in the creole patois, I found I was right, as she replied in excellent French, but in a way which shewed she had comprehended the villainous jargon with which I had accosted her. Bidding me follow, she led me through a number of doorways and rubbish-crowded passages, finally ushering me into a tolerably well-sized room, furnished with a chair, table, and bed of the oldest and strangest possible patterns. Besides my companion's lamp, there was no other light but a *chiragh* stuck in a nook of the wall.

"Gardez vous bien," said my conductress, and before I could reply, or ask her meaning, she had left the room, taking the lamp or candle with her, and leaving me to light another cigar by the little chiragh, and wait in patience for the end of this singular adventure. Every one who has passed any such moments, knows how long they seem. The re-action after last night's excitement; the fumes of the tobacco which I was inhaling with all my might; the silence, darkness, and solitude of the hour, all conspired to act upon my nerves; I could positively hear nothing but the beating of my own heart, which, in the desolation of the moment, I was beginning to count. Before I had got much beyond one hundred, I heard steps, a grate was opened in the door, and a candle threw its light on the well-remembered lineaments of Whistling Joe. When he had looked in, and caught my eye, he held up some written paper in his hand, on which I thought I could trace my own name in well-remembered character.

"Have you a letter for me there, Baker?" I asked, with as much calmness as I could command: "if so, give it me, and let's have no more nonsense. I suppose you could not bring it to my quarters, for fear of a big D."

"That's it, Squire," replied the man; "you're right in every

think but one. I have got the letter—and more too—I did not come up to you for fear of a big D., only I don't mean to give you the letter till I see how you behave; nor the somethink else till after."

"Confound you, what are you driving at. Let me out, and give me the letter."

"You'll not think it dear at five hundred rupees?" said Joe, interrogatively.

"Five hundred devils! let me out instantly."

"Soft words my master," replied Joe. "Lookye, there's none but friends here in the house, and no one at all in the street. We" (good gracious! thought I, how many of them are there?) "aren't a-going to do you no harm, leastwise not if we can help it; only you'd better be civil, d'ye see, and hand us over the ready."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," I answered; "let me out of this, and I'll help myself."

"Why, as to that, Squire," said the poacher, "I'm as good a man as you any day of the week, and perhaps a bit over, but what would be the good of my licking of you? You aint got no money in your pockets, you flash ———s don't use to carry tin when you goes out o' nights in this here town—I mean nothing but what's fair by you; I've got something that ought to be yours, well that's my luck. I got five pounds at the first, as my mistress says, for to drink your health with. Being a man of honour, I could not do nothink else with it, and five pounds goes a long way, leastwise with ale at fippence. I was most afraid one time I should a had to finish it out in Champagne, only they'd got none, where I was, at the Eight Bells. At last I hadn't got but five bob left, (what with paying off an old score d'ye see?) and I sets off (precious screwed) in the evening, for to borrow a 'oss from one or another of my pals for to ride down to Portsmouth—which I ought to have been there walking by that time, and to give you this here letter afore the ship sailed. Blowed if they didn't think it was the "chap with his 'ead on his back." Some shut their doors, and some opened their windows; and when Master Cox, the Baptish, him as I used to snare pheasants for, to send to London, he fired a Blunderbust at me, I thought it was time to pad the hoof, and away I tramped to Portsmouth; for of course you'd left Stagnum before I'd got through the fi'pun note. Well, when I got to Portsmouth, you was gone from there too; ship had sailed, and I didn't well know what to be at next. If I went back to Stagnum, my place was gone, and there was one or two matters about there as didn't make it altogether pleasant for me to be about, without any one to speak a good word for me. Besides, I was tired of my wife as I'd got there, and I'd always 'ad a bit of a inkling for to see furrin parts, so I listed in the first regiment as was going to sail for India, (I was a little too old for a sailor) and out I came to this here beastly hole. Leastwise my regiment landed at Madras, but sogering wasn't no work for a man as 'ud kep his gun and his pointer, so I just took French leave, and *that* 's the reason, Squire, as I couldn't come to you myself this morning. And precious 'ard work I've 'ad of it, to keep soul and body together.

but I've no time to stop palavering here, so now, if you will have it; "your money or your life," slowly raising a pistol—"there's pen and ink and paper before you on the table."

"Two can play at that game," I cried, and fired my little weapon at the rascal's face. Luckily he was too quick, and dropped back with the intention of forcing the door, which I had previously locked. At this moment a crash was heard, and steps came rapidly towards the spot, guided either by the light in the outer passage, or by the report of my pistol. I opened the door to meet my fate, but only encountered my friend the Inspector, and his sable myrmidons.

"The people have escaped, by pipers," he said; "they 've as many holes as my father's old rabbit warren. Come along, sir."

What was that on the floor? the villain had dropped the letter when he drew back for his spring, or else in the hurry of his escape. As we went to seek my buggy, my "Deus ex machina" informed me that the neighbourhood and the house itself bore an ill name, and that he had taken an opportunity of returning soon after he passed me. Presently he saw the girl slip out, whom I have before mentioned. One of his peons arrested her, and she gladly availed herself of the opportunity to invoke assistance for a *pauvre garçon* who was in danger, she feared, from that terrible Monsieur Djo. "We'll have the villigan yet," said Pat, with professional enthusiasm; "there's a reward for his apprehension. He deserted from a Regiment of Fut at Madras, and has committed several robberies since he came to this."

After thanking my kind deliverer, as he deserved, I jumped into my buggy, and drove to my quarters. Then throwing myself on my bed, I addressed myself, in trembling haste, to Edith's letter. But the excitement of the past two days had been too much for me; something I afterwards remembered of language loving but restrained; and the record of a family curse, so that no Eversfield survived maturity, unless to pay for the protraction of life by a bereavement of reason. That weird she would bear alone, and end it and the family in her own person.

I remember nothing else, but being woke by the sound of a piano-forte and a subdued female voice as I lay exhausted but recovered, in a high and spacious bed-room.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"When my husband went to call," said my hostess, "and found you in a raging fever, he easily got the Doctor's leave to move you to our house; which, as India goes, is more cool and comfortable for you, we hope, than quarters in the Fort. Besides, you have had better nurses in Agnes and me, than Major Hardiman or Mr. Blaker."

We often hear complaints of Indian hospitality having fallen off. I cannot admit them. These excellent people were comparative strangers to me, beyond a common letter of introduction I had brought out, and a casual ac-

quaintance founded on that and on my visits to themselves and their fair guest.

I will not exactly say that they did me a kindness, because I fear the fever I got rid of was too quickly followed by another and more incurable attack. All that true and lasting love which, beginning by a feeling of mutual esteem, is fostered by constant domestic association with a person who can never be seen unattended by the most gracious proprieties of female excellence: such was the indelible impression produced upon me by living under the same roof with the sweet Agnes. That stay was certainly but of short duration; there was to be a campaign on the Frontier, and my corps having already marched, I could barely walk across the room when I laid my dawk, trusting to the change of scene and climate to complete my recovery; and, I fear, somewhat shaken in my intention of leaving the Service. I say I fear, for I sadly suspect the prominent wish of my heart was to slay poor Cox Bloxam, and trust to the Chapter of Accidents for happiness.

Just before I started, I was furnished with fresh matter for reflection during my journey, in the shape of Overland letters. From them I learned that the long-anticipated event had taken place at Madeira; poor dear Edith had died an inmate of the Convent at Funchal; and there was, at any rate, room for rejoicing that that bright pure spirit had not passed under the cloud which had fallen on the latter days of her father, and so many of her house. In virtue of his wife's position as heir-at-law, Mr. Tufto had taken possession of Blackhurst; at which, though without any assignable cause, people seemed surprised and annoyed. The contrast was certainly great! The changes of this world are a trite and a monotonous theme; here was a bitter illustration. All that heartful, sympathetic geniality of the gifted but ill-starred young heiress to give way to the régime of the most starched and unenlightened respectability that ever froze a neighbourhood. Gloomy indeed Mr. Tufto himself even seemed to have felt it, for he left soon after for London; Blackhurst was deserted and shut up. On this subject too, there were mysterious rumours abroad. Mr. Abud was furiously fussy, and fussily furious; his late fair and noble client had had other views, nay he had a distinct recollection of a Will, which he even fancied he had in his own keeping. On this point, after mature investigation, he found himself in error; he did not wish to be guilty of disrespect to his right honorable friend, (if Mr. Tufto would permit him to call him so, which, if Mr. Tufto had any voice in the matter, he certainly would not,) "but he ventured to predict that the Will would yet be discovered, and the result would be found to justify the expressions he had made use of." All this was nothing to me, and I know not why I took any interest in it. A slip of printed paper dropping from the letter here attracted my attention.

"On the 1st of April, by the Rev. T. Warren, D. D., Rector of Stagnum-in-the-Mere, the Rev. B. Cope, Assistant Chaplain, H. E. I. C. S., to Martha, second daughter of the Rev. Dr. Warren."

With regard to the Dashwoods I learned that the old Baronet continued to suffer for the loss of his son, who for his part preserved the strictest silence ; except towards the Warrens, to whom he frequently wrote, through the London Agents ; but without giving the least clue to his whereabouts. Abud had been vainly employed by the Baronet to extract the scent from those gentlemen, but they declared that their constituent was firm, that they were not at liberty to divulge the matter without his instructions, and the old man was left unconsoled and inconsolable. One thing was very evident, that Mr. Spencer Dashwood was *not* to get the property, (though some of it was entailed,) that young gentleman having been shipped off to Buenos Ayres to learn "business." Unpleasant reports were afloat too, and the establishment at the Hall had been reduced.

Turning over these various topics in my mind, I pushed on towards the seat of war. Meantimé events were going on in the camp, which I did not of course hear of till later, but which I may as well mention here.

Neither must I omit to state that, during my late illness, Mr. Joseph Baker had contrived to elude the vigilance of the Police, and had left Calcutta before I did, taking with him, it is said, the Creole girl, who, besides being a pleasant *compagnon de voyage* for him, had very probably, knowledge of one or two facts which would have had disagreeable bearing on the fortunes of her erratic and eccentric friend, if they had come to the ears of authority.

In closing this second and penultimate part of my Retrospections, I must pause to remark upon a fact which every one affects to ridicule, and yet of the truth of which each man's personal experience, if honestly canvassed, would yield corroboration. I mean that we have "Special Providences." Had I been murdered, by Baker in that iniquitous den of his, I should have been cut short before life had taught me one salutary lesson. At the time of which I am speaking, my mind was in a ferment. All that had hitherto befallen me was but the confused phantasmagoria of a dream ; Light had yet to arise from primal darkness, Order from Chaos.

EMIGRATION AND SCENES IN A NEW COLONY.

> In dreaming of each mighty birth,
> That shall one day be born;
> From marriage of the Western earth.
> With nations of the Morn.

In what such dreams may result we do not pretend to say, but we see them rapidly becoming a reality. It is no dream now to speak of the marriage of the East and West; or if so, the births (which there is no denying) are illegitimate. It is no dream to speak of the union of the Atlantic and Pacific; of the dawn of civilization on the Isles of the latter ocean, and of the mighty births that have followed the connection of the Northern and Southern Hemispheres. An epoch more grand in results than any the world has seen, is being consummated during our generation. These results are giving the dominion of the globe to the Anglo-Saxon race, and in them the hand of Providence is as clearly traceable as when that hand wrote on the palace wall of Belshazzar. It is now upwards of three hundred and thirty years since a gallant adventurer in the service of Spain, coasting down the Eastern shores of America, passed through the Straits called after him Magellan, and entered the vast ocean he named the Pacific. Nearly a century after that event, the English settlements took root in Northern America, and commenced the career of Colonial Empire destined to spread a cordon of nations round the earth—of English descent—speaking the English tongue—with English institutions, arts and sciences, and, may we hope, thoroughly imbued with English feeling. Since that time the Islands of Australasia have opened out their fertile shores to English emigrants, and the streams have flowed East as well as West: but the tendency of these streams is now apparent: though flowing in opposite directions, their course is to the Pacific. Colonization is almost exclusively directed to founding nations on the shores of that ocean. This fact is pregnant with interest to the Anglo-Saxon, aye, and the human race. Experience has shown that no other people are capable of planting a successful colony in a wilderness. Where are the traces abroad of the great maritime nations, since the discovery of America? The few that remain are rapidly being swallowed up. What has been effected by the Dutch, the Portuguese, the Spaniards, the French? The Anglo-Saxons alone have reared an Empire in the wilds of the Temperate Zone. The Continent of Europe has sent forth large bodies of emigrants, but only to swell the rising Colonies of England. Wherever the Anglo-Saxon race have taken root, they have carried away all comers, of all tongues and creeds, in the work of energy, which in them a new country ever developes. This is proved beyond dispute by the vast amount of emigration from the continent of Europe, absorbed

in the States, without leaving a trace of its origin. To colonize the states of America is to become in feeling, in manner, and in energy, a citizen of the great Republic. The importance of this cannot be over-estimated. The fact that European emigration tends but to raise the young nations of the Anglo-Saxon race, shows that the dominion of the world is destined to pass into the hands of that people. The vast Pacific ocean is bounded on one side by the Western coast of America, either in the hands, or living at the breath, of this dominant race. On the other side, the ocean laves the shores of Australasia, all rapidly growing colonies of England: between these shores the ocean is studded with fertile Islands, whose climate is an eternal spring; to the North and West lie the decaying old nations of Asia, the children of Shem.

The two centuries and a half that have elapsed since the colonies were first planted on the Eastern shores of America, have sufficed to inundate the Northern Continent with the stream of European emigration; the barrier of the Rocky Mountains has been burst through, and the stream is now pouring down; cities are rapidly rising, and a great nation will soon front the Pacific. Taking time as the course of this stream, we see it increase as a river swelled by rivulets from other nations: these rivulets will become torrents; for by what other means than emigration can France, Germany, Italy, Austria, &c., get rid of the surplus population, now pressing so heavily against the means of existence? This question must become a great European one; but the nations of the Continent will only find that out when every Colony is in the hands of the Anglo-Saxon race: then to what will the emigration sent forth by these nations tend, but to swell the Colonies of England into empires, and give the entire control of the Pacific to men speaking her tongue. With that dominion follows the sway of Asia. The giant strides of America have astounded the world, and in their greatness baffled all calculation. Scarcely have men recovered their astonishment at beholding a state rise, as by the wand of an enchanter, before they see that state grasping at all within its reach, and the nation fitting out an expedition to coerce one of the ancient Empires of Asia. Whatever may be the fate of this expedition, the states will gain a footing in the Continent. Where will her foreign aggression stop? To what height will rise her growing power? Whilst others talk they act? With our eyes we see them grasping at the trade of the world; covering the seas with a merchant navy equalled by no other nation; connecting the Pacific and Atlantic by rail and water; introducing a large fleet of Steamers into the former ocean; joining San Francisco and China by a line of steam packets, and making an effort to direct the trade of Asia by the Isthmus of Panama, whilst they inundate the world with the gold of California. If the progress of the parent state on the other side the Pacific be less rapid, it is no less sure. What gold and the energy of the Anglo-Saxon race have done for the Western Coast of America, gold and that energy have also per-

formed for Australia; if in a lesser degree, it is because England is not so full of energy as her children. Emigration is now turning itst ide to our Southern colonics. The fact can no longer be withstood that a pauper from a work-house can there earn the pay of three Colonels of the English army in England. If this be exaggerated, enough of truth remains to make the diggings of Victoria by far the most profitable spot for workmen on the face of the earth. The truth of this is beginning to be felt in England. Already the demand for shipping is greater than the supply. When the course of that emigration becomes known, the stream will flow steadily to these glorious colonies. Two routes by steam are now opened, and another line will soon cross the Pacific, and in conjunction with the West India packets, absorb the carriage of the mails and gold. Nor are the efforts of England confined to Australia. The islands of New Zealand, with their great natural advantages, and in the neighbourhood of the rich markets of Australia, are taking the place that Nature intended they should occupy. The decided veto of the Australasian colonies has so strongly been pronounced against a further importation of convicts, that England is forced to seek amongst the Pacific Isles a new penal settlement: thus she is driven on, often sorely against her will, to spread her race over the globe, and, by convict transportation, give civilization to a hemisphere. See the course Providence has adopted. Persecution begot bigotry, and drove the bigots to the shores of America. Fanaticism alone sustained these emigrants, and enabled them to found the nations of a Northern Continent. A system of unjust legislation forced the descendants of the emigrants into rebellion, when the seeds were planted, and the growth certain. The rebellion deprived England of the States, and necessitated her to seek, in other lands, a settlement for her over-crowded prisons: thus rose Australia, through years of starvation and misery, and there stand these settlements, growing into empires, though ruin was prophecied, and loudly too, upon their birth. The convict supply, welcomed at first, is repudiated now, and through their great wealth and influence, that wish will be attended to. England must again seek a settlement for her felons, and where she plants her foot in the Temperate Zone, there will grow a Saxon nation. The Pacific Isles will gradually be peopled by her race, and if the soft climate of many of these lovely groups enervate that people, they will be backed and protected by their more hardy brethren of New Zealand and South Australia. What a world of civilization and wealth will grow up in the Pacific! and what a glorious destiny awaits us there! We have penetrated far into Asia, and spread civilization and peace where our arms have been victorious. Nation after nation is falling before a destiny man, in vain, attempts to controul. The very efforts made to keep our Indian possessions within certain limits are constantly frustrating their object. It is not improbable that the Burmese empire may owe their absorbtion into our Asiatic dominions, to the strong speeches in Parliament against

the extension of our boundaries to which this question gave rise. Brother Jonathan owes his greatness to his own efforts to be great; but England has greatness thrust on her. Had she had her own way, our Indian possessions would have been confined to a few miserable factories on the coast, struggling for their very existence; but Providence has decreed it otherwise,—why avoid that decree?—why try to avert our destiny? Our power in these seas, and our means of communication, keep pace with our conquests; and the time is coming, when the entire continent of Asia will be swayed by the Anglo-Saxon race, and they of Europe and they of America will meet by the great wall of China. Let us hope, when that day comes, that our common origin may be remembered, and that both nations may combine to govern justly, not separate, to fill the world with misery. How truly spoke the great historian of Modern Europe, when addressing, in Glasgow, one of the first bodies of colonists for New Zealand, Alison said—"God shall increase Japhet, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem, and Canaan shall be his servant." God *has* multiplied Japhet, and well and nobly has he performed his destiny. After conquering in the Roman Legions the ancient world—after humanizing the barbarism of antiquity by the power of the Roman sway, and the influence of the Roman law—"the *audax Japeti genus*" has transmitted to modern times the glorious inheritance of European freedom. After having conquered in the British Navy the empire of the seas, it has extended to the utmost verge of the earth the influence of humanized manners, and bequeathed to future ages the far more glorious inheritance of British Colonization. But mark the difference in the action of the descendants of Japhet—the European race—upon the fortunes of mankind from the influence of that religion to which the Roman Empire was the mighty pioneer. The Roman legions conquered only by the sword;—fire and bloodshed attended their steps. It was said by our own ancestors on the hills of Caledonia—"that they gave peace only by establishing a solitude—*ubi solitudinem fecerunt pacem appellant.* The British Colonists now set out with the olive branch, not the sword in their hand; with the Cross, not the Eagle on their banners. They bring not war and devastation, but peace and civilization around their steps; and the track of their chariot-wheels is followed, not by the sigh of a captive, but by the blessings of a renovated world. "He shall dwell," says the prophecy, "in the tents of Shem." Till these times that prophecy has not been accomplished; the descendants of Shem—the Asiatic race—still held the fairest portion of the earth, and the march of civilization, like the path of the sun, has hitherto been from East to West from the plains of Shinar to the Isles of Greece—from the Isles of Greece to the hills of Rome—from the hills of Rome to the shores of Britain—from the shores of Britain to the wilds of America—the progress of civilization has been steadily in one direction, and it has never reverted to the land of its birth. Is, then, this progress destined to be perpetual? Is the

tide of civilization destined to roll only to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and is the sun of knowledge to set at last in the waves of the Pacific? No; the mighty day of four thousand years is drawing to its close; the sun of humanity has performed its destined course; but long ere its setting rays are extinguished in the West, its ascending beams have glittered on the isles of the Eastern seas. We stand on the verge of the great Revolution of Time; the descendants of Japhet are about to dwell in the tents of Shem; civilization is returning to the land of its birth; and another day and another race are beginning to dawn upon the human species. Already the British arms in India have given herald of its approach, and spread into the heart of Asia the terrors of the English name, and the greatness of the English rule; and now we see the race of Japhet setting forth to people the isles of the East, and the seeds of another Europe, and a second England, sown in the regions of the sun. But mark, gentlemen, the words of the prophecy:—"He shall dwell in the tents of Shem, and Canaan shall be his servant." It is not said Canaan shall be his *slave*. To the Anglo-Saxon race is given the sceptre of the globe, but there is not given the lash of the slave driver, or the rack of the executioner. The East will not be stained by the same atrocities as the West; the frightful gangrene of an enslaved race is not to mar the destinies of the family of Japhet in the Oriental world—humanizing, not destroying as they advance, uniting with, not enslaving, the inhabitants with whom they dwell—the British race may be improved in vigour and capacity in the Eastern hemisphere, and the emigrants whom we see around us, may become the progenitors of a race destined to exceed the glories of European civilization as much as they have out-stripped the wonders of ancient enterprise. Views such as these arise unbidden at such a moment as the present, and they promise to realize the beautiful anticipations formed forty years ago by the Bard of Hope—the Poet Laureate of New Zealand—who appears in this instance to have been almost inspired by the spirit of prophecy—

"Come, bright Improvement! in the car of Time,
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime,
Thy handmaid Art, shall every wild explore,
Trace every wave, and culture every shore.
On Zealand's hills, where Tigers steal along,
And the dread Indian chaunts a dismal song;
Where human fiends on midnight errand walk,
And bathe in brains the murderous tomahawk:
There shall the flocks on thymy pastures stray,
And shepherds dance at summer's opening day;
Each wandering Genius of the lonely glen,
Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men;
And silence mark on woodland heights around,
The village curfew as it tolls profound."

Thus spoke the great historian thirteen years ago. His speech was a prophecy borrowed from the Old Testament, and faintly shadow-

ed forth by the events then taking place. *Now* these events are in course of consummation; thirteen years more, and *then*, they will be reality. Providence, as if to hasten its design, has given into the hands of its chosen instruments, the great world-moving lever, gold; and hasp laced that gold on the shores of the Pacific. Well may statesmen gaze in surprise at a whole nation taking flight across the Atlantic. No unwilling exiles looking fondly back to the dear home they leave, but those fortunate ones bound for the land of freedom with a career before them. Had a prophet risen to tell that a fertile island, in the pale of civilization, with millions of uncultivated acres,—a fine climate, noble harbours, and well placed for commerce—with a peasantry whose fathers had been supported by the soil for a hundred generations, should be forsakers for the wilds of America—such a prophet would have been hissed and denounced as a liar: yet we see the population of Ireland already greatly affected, and the stream steadily increase, till village after village is deserted, and they alone remain who have not the means to go. This is but the forerunner, the pioneer of the mighty emigration which will yet flow from Europe. Ignorance only detains the peasantry, the serfs of the continent; but the more intelligent of that peasantry are piercing through the mists which, in their eyes, have shrouded the lovely lands that lie open to them. Already Germany is sending forth her thousands; and soon the Governments of the various States must direct from them an emigration, or the pent up waters will swamp them. To what is owing the calmness of England during the burst of Continental revolution? The fact that her restless sons found more profitable work in her colonies. So we see the class that created these revolutions abroad, come forth in that favored land to crush every symptom of rebellion. If this question does not soon become a European one, the next revolution will be the most frightful of all,—the rise of a starving crowd. Truly the descendants of Japhet will spread in multitudes over the earth. England should prepare her colonies for such an emigration: and she should not forget the words that Sir E. B. Lytton has put into the mouth of Trevanion. "Depend on it, the New World will be friendly or hostile to the Old, *not in proportion to the kinship of race, but in proportion to the similarity of manners and institutions*,—a mighty truth, to which we colonisers have been blind." And it may be taken as an axiom,—the more enlightened the nation, the greater will be the emigration she sends forth. The spread of knowledge is but widening the channel for the stream. The rapid rise of nations; the accelerated means of communication; the connection of all parts of the earth by a belt of steam communication, which has drawn together every land; the knowledge that a great amount of civilization can be transplanted to a new country; and the fact that there is no necessity for going through years of starvation, to arrive at prosperity in planting a settlement; these facts are affecting emigration. Not many years ago that word was almost tantamount to vagabondism; but it is

fast changing its character. Now an emigrant may mean a Duke's son as well as a pauper. The force of the fact is becoming apparent, that some of the fairest portions of the earth have passed into England's keeping as an inheritance for her children. Why should that inheritance be for paupers and convicts? Why should her gentry not assert their just title? Is it because that inheritance is at the Antipodes? Why to Ireland, fifty years ago, was a more dangerous voyage, and a far more disagreeable one? If any portion of these lands could be transported to within sight of England's cliffs, how eagerly such claims would be put forth! Two things should always be borne in mind by all who have any idea of colonizing, that every year transit becomes more speedy and certain, and that successful colonies grow into nations with an astounding rapidity. I consider the epoch into which we have entered as the most glorious by far which England's history has to record. Thirty-four years ago, the bells of Britain's churches rang throughout the length of her bonfire-lit land: her cities were illuminated, and her sons rejoiced, for the triumph of war had been consummated, the despot deposed, and English arms had achieved the victory; what though ten thousand of her men fell on the field of Waterloo: let their hundred thousand friends go weep, the nation victorious will play; but when they cooled down, the eight hundred millions stared them in the face, and they looked on the bill with blank dismay. Half a century after Waterloo, the triumph of war, let them rejoice for the triumph of peace, and the world will have become their bonfire-lit land; then make the bill out, and let the triumph of destruction, and the triumph of production, lie side by side, and let any man not in Bedlam, decide which is the more glorious epoch. I look on the triumph of peace as creating new nations. I consider the triumph of war to lie in destroying old ones. The present time is fertile in creating colonies. Men of deep learning and great abilities have given themselves up to the study of founding and governing these embryo empires, and having the success and failure of many experiments before them; they have, to a certain extent, brought colonization to a system. Upon this system all the settlements of New Zealand have been founded, and that of South Australia, but the essence of it lies in that of the Canterbury colony. It appears to me that two objects should be borne in mind, when framing the scheme on which a colony is to be founded—the theories which add to its success, and those which counteract the evil tendencies, and supply the refinements of a successful colony. The great object must be to raise a moral, enlightened, and contented community. Men may differ upon what standard such a community should be erected, what should be the model, but none will dispute that this should be the object. Government should be the agent, but if Government will not act, what should be substituted? Both precedent and common sense furnish us with an answer, "the most powerful combination that can be got together;" this combination must be directed by a leading body, and that body may call themselves what they please—an

association, a company, an agency, or anything else; but it should not be a paid body; it should have paid servants of course, but it should not be a mercantile speculation. The relatives of some of the leading men who go to the new settlement, and the many men in England of great talent and learning, who have time on their hands, and are glad to employ it so, can always form such a body, and, though unpaid, work well for the interests of the new settlement. A new settlement should hold out some strong attraction to one class of men, and that attraction should be a bond of union; in short, it should have a leading principle, and be erected on that principle. There are few, when asked what that principle ought to be, who would not answer, Religion. I care not what sect may be chosen, but depend on it, it is true policy to erect a colony on a specified form of religion. That of all feelings is the strongest which influences man; and how does it influence him, nearly always for good. No religion has gained a great hold over mankind which was not founded on morality, though time may hide that morality in a multitude of errors. The most pure morality is taught by every faith derived from the New Testament, but pure and beautiful as these doctrines are, no subjects have been more fertile in dispute. For a great and permanent system of colonization, religion should be introduced as a leading principle; that men should feel as brethren, and as an inducement to choose the colony, that religion should be a specified form. Never had men greater difficulties to overcome than the early colonists of America, and they were carried through them alone by a strong faith in the ruling providence of the Almighty. Thrown into a new country, covered with trees, peopled with warlike and bloodthirsty savages, a difficult and dangerous communication with Europe, navigation in its infancy as a science, the seas infested with pirates, these adventurers fought their way up, filled with faith in their different creeds, and persuaded they were doing the work of God. If men are to learn by experience, such facts should not be forgotten. The first settlement founded in America did not prosper, and was abandoned in 1588. In 1606 the city of London dispatched two vessels under the command of Christopher Newport, with one hundred and ten adventurers on board, and all kinds of implements for building and agriculture; they anchored in the bay of Chesapeak, obtained a spot from the natives, erected a fort, surrounded it by their huts, and called the place James Town in honor of our first king of that name. Thus commenced an empire destined to overshadow the world with its greatness. Shortly after began those wars that ended in the death of Charles the 1st, and the expulsion of his son from England. The persecution of the royalists drove many to the new settlement of Virginia, and this Church of England Colony rapidly rose. The same cause, a community of feeling, affected the neighbouring province of Maryland. Lord Baltimore received it as a grant from Charles the 1st himself, a Roman Catholic; he offered the province as an asylum to the persecuted believers in that faith; hundreds flocked to it, and

Maryland became a flourishing colony. Puritanism had the same effect on New England, and Quakerism on Pennsylvania. Mr. Godley, noticing these facts, says —" they were the principal causes respectively of the stability of society in those colonies of England and of their wonderful advancement in material prosperity. Nay more, the students of the colonial history of England will not fail to observe that the prosperity of the old English colonies in America seems to have been in a pretty equal ratio to the influences of religion on the emigrant; the colonies in which religious provisions were neglected, were the least prosperous, and the most prosperous of modern colonies, those of New England, were in fact Levitical communities, almost entirely governed and managed by influences of a religious kind." This is history, and cannot be denied; and when these class settlements are accused of narrow bigotry, the states of America at once furnish an answer, for it is the most tolerant country in the world, though thus founded. The fact is, that men in a new land lose their strong prejudices of religion; they may last a generation, but seldom more. In their place remains however a feeling of morality. Such men are sure to inculcate in their children a sense of right and wrong, and an object above mere material prosperity. The descendants of the fanatics have been painted by the graphic pen of Cooper, and the simple life and true piety of the people of New England, just before the war of independence, furnished him with many an interesting picture. A settlement founded on any faith, holds out a prospect which men of that faith embrace, inducing thereby an immigration of men of religion; it insures a ground work of morality and civilization; it removes the subject of the greatest discord; it binds men together in a community of feeling: for these reasons I think, that religion should be introduced as a leading principle into any scheme for the foundation of a new colony, and the American States have furnished us with successful examples. The next point is to start with the most civilization that can be transplanted to a new colony. He is a bold man who would say what that amount is; all must admit that a greater or lesser degree can be carried out to the new soil, and few will deny that the more the better, retaining, as far as possible, its virtues, and repudiating its vices. A high state of civilization does not lessen the energy of a colony; on the contrary, it increases it, as learning tends to raise and elevate ambition. To hear some men talk, one would think the only plan was for individuals to make a rush to the new land, and scramble for it when there; but these men talk in profound ignorance of colonization. Are they aware that war has to be made on Nature, which requires combination and direction. It might as well be asserted that the way to conquer an enemy's country is to rush into it individually, and when there, act independently. And the sinews are as necessary for the former as the latter war. The question then rises how are the means to be raised? There is but one way, and on this point all men I believe are agreed, and that is, by the sale of the waste land. Though all agree that the means should be raised from the sale of

the acres, few are agreed as to the price to be put upon these acres. Even those who think with Mr. Wakefield, and hold the sufficient price theory, dispute as to what that sufficient price should be. My opinion is a very simple one, and may often have been expressed before, but I have arrived at it by thinking on the subject. I hold that the sufficient price is the highest at which the land will sell, provided the money be expended on, and in the colony. I say that as long as the land sells readily, the price cannot be too high. This is a subject which has furnished the great point of discussion both in England and the Colonies; and the *Times* does not hesitate to say that the triumph of the Wakefieldian theory of high-priced land in Australia has diverted the stream of emigration to America: but the city article, which is fact, strangely contradicts the leading article which is opinion. Men do not go to the gold fields to buy land. They go to California; then why not to the richer mines of Australia? They go to a desert to be starved, robbed, hung, or shot; then why leave unnoticed the still richer in gold and magnificent colony of Port Philip. I consider the fact most extraordinary, and a proof of the wonderful ignorance of the English peasantry, that a glorious country like South Australia, with its splendid climate and overflowing abundance, should take twelve months, in spite of its Agents, to increase emigration to its shores, though a pauper may make a thousand a year. Could cheap land have had an effect which gold, surpassing in abundance the most fabulous of Eastern tales, has for nearly a year failed in producing? The fables of the East pave cities only with gold, but here is a country so paved. Not all the thundering articles of the *Times*, supported by the entire press; not all the letters, speakers, and agitation of the Agents of the colony in England; not the very large sums sent home by these colonies for the purpose; nor the surprising truth, could increase, during this time, the emigration to Australia. Why? Can the fact of land, selling in these colonies at an upset price of a pound an acre, account for this? Absurd. I am quite satisfied that the price of land has little to do with the stream of emigration flowing to America. How could men, who, it is now clearly seen, do not know that there is such a land as Australia, be able to make an elaborate calculation as to the value of land in the Backwoods of America and the value of land in the districts of Victoria and Adelaide? Would a pound an acre appear to an English peasant a high price for land from which he can reap his thirty bushels of wheat? Why, such a price is but an item in its fencing and cultivation. This pound an acre is expended on the colony for emigration, &c. The American Government put the five shillings for their acre of waste land into the treasury,—at least such part of it as is not expended in surveying the country. I feel certain that were land lowered to the American standard, it would not increase emigration to Australia, for I believe it to be a thorough ignorance of the country that induces the emigration to America, instead of New Zealand and Australia. If the land was lowered to the price of an acre in the Backwoods of Ame-

rica, I maintain the peasant would get the land no cheaper than he gets it now. All the fertile tracks near the town would be bought up at once by speculators, and the country would pass into the hands of land sharks and jobbers. As it is, the small purchaser does not get the land at a pound an acre. It is retailed to him by the large purchaser at a much higher price, and the higher price is readily given. When a good lot of land is put up, it seldom goes at the upset price; the bidding almost invariably gets beyond the one pound per acre. If land were sold at 5*s.* an acre in Australia, it would give rise to a vast amount of scheming and jobbing, and the end of it would be, that the poor emigrant becomes the victim. It may be said, this is not the case in America. I am not so certain of that. Some queer stories have come out lately, and it should be remembered that our emigrants to that country are poor and ignorant, and therefore cannot blazon abroad any system of fraud; but no parallel can be drawn between the two countries. The rapid growth of the States makes a village soon rise around the pioneer, if he chooses his land well, but it is not so in Australia or New Zealand. There, the small proprietor invariably chooses his land, as near as he can afford to buy it, to the town, and experience teaches him that it is the far more profitable plan. The opponents of the Wakefield theory say,—If land were sold cheap, the peasantry would scatter over the country, and buy up the land now occupied by the squatters. If true, would that be a benefit to the colony? It would injure the stock-keeping interest, dwindle labour into wretched individual effort, and make all producers, leaving no consumers, and what would become of the great export? The system which has produced, in spite of the paucity of labour, the great exporting settlements of Australia, cannot be a bad one. What would be the effect of a change in the price of land, should be well considered before such a change be made, or the truth of the proverb may be taught these colonies, that it is good to leave well alone. If it can be strongly backed by argument, and in its results, in the Australian settlements, the theory of Mr. Wakefield can be even more strongly urged as applicable to the settlements of New Zealand. When the colonists combined to form the settlement of Canterbury, they argued that civilization, (meaning thereby roads, bridges, surveys, population, &c.) gives value to land; the greater the civilization the more valuable the land. Money expended in creating this civilization, is expended in giving a value to the soil; therefore, from the soil that money should be derived. If we expend a certain sum in purchasing land, that sum which it is guaranteed will be expended on the object for which it is subscribed, will be returned and multiplied to us by the land. Though land can be purchased at five shillings an acre, it is without the pale of civilization; but we, combining and emigrating together, will create a civilization, therefore we purchase our land within the pale,—ourselves, and the purchase money creating that civilization. The American will

pay fifteen, thirty, or fifty times the price for land within that pale, than for land without it, therefore our land is not dear. Is there not truth in this? At any rate such arguments were sanctioned by good authority. What was the effect of this high price, practically carried out? Men purchased land in proportion to their means. All purchasers became colonists; no land was bought by speculators. Greater preparation was made, and more misery avoided, than had been the case with any body of emigrants before; and the religious and moral wants of the colonists were attended to. Had this high price any bad effect? Yes; one. A sufficient number of people could not be persuaded to become purchasers, to give the scheme a fair trial. The funds in the hands of the Association were not sufficient for the magnificent project; yet they worked on what they had, and worked better than any body before them. I saw sufficient, to be persuaded of the sound truth of the scheme,—from no theories broached in England, but from practical effect in the colony: and I conceived the idea that, if an emigration could be directed from this country, the Association would be enabled, in its fullest extent, to carry out one of the most excellent schemes ever devised for the good of mankind. Whilst this bright vision of a colony filled my brain, I did not forget that my brethren of the Army would be benefited thereby, and urged by the hope of being of use, I wrote the articles that appeared in *Saunders*, on the site and prospects of the colony. I now respond to many calls, and resume the subject, to defend the scheme, which, to my surprise, has been attacked where I least expected it. When the Canterbury colonists assembled in the Canterbury Room, London, it required no brilliant speeches to persuade them "that man was not made to live by bread alone." And the greater the civilization they could carry with them, the better for themselves. It is in vain for men to talk of the folly of the attempt to transport to a new country the institutions which have grown up through ages. All these institutions have but one object—to cultivate and better the mind and understanding,—that mind and understanding man carries with him. Therefore he takes to the new soil the result of the institutions which have grown up through ages. Will any one talk such folly as to say,—men must revert to barbarism who colonise a new country? then if not, it is clear a certain amount of civilization can be carried out. I ask again, who will undertake to say what that amount is? The best institution of all, and that which bears civilization on its face, for it cannot be even professed but by a civilized people, that institution the Protestant religion is adapted for every clime and every tongue: then, if a man can carry with him such a creed, why not his library too. Were a highly cultivated old country desolated by a horde of savages, the villages burned, the bridges broken down, the trees rooted up, and Nature, in short, left a waste, and but a remnant of the people on the land, how long would it take, if that people were full of energy and spirit, for things to return to their old state. The ocean for a sailing vessel is but a highway,

and by steam it is abridged. Wil any one say, when thus connected with England, civilization cannot be carried to the colony? Suppose I had three or four thousand pounds in my pocket, will any one tell me I cannot take to this new country, my library, my furniture, my plate; that I cannot build a house when there; fill my cellar with cheaper and as good wines as can be got in England; lay out my money better than I can in England; visit my friends similarly situated; be respected if I deserve respect by them and those they employ, and worship God in the way in which I have been taught? When any one tells me I cannot do this, I laugh at him, and say, he talks of that which he does not understand. And when any one tells me, the religion of the most tolerant church on earth, and therefore the best adapted for a colony, is a nightmare on the energies of a people, I am inclined to think that man mad. Good men seated at their desks, men of learning, and accustomed to think, are often led into great fallacies, by endeavouring to give their thoughts a practical turn. Reflecting that the institutions of England have been the gradual development of one thousand years, they say—how can such institutions be carried away, and placed on a waste? How can a colony start from the advanced state of civilization to which England has attained? If they mean that the Association cannot ship for the settlement the Court of Chancery, they are right; but if they think that a club cannot be founded at Christ Church, nor an embryo College, they are wrong, and what's more, it will soon be practically proved to them. New Zealand has before this shown how erroneously, wise men can argue from a good basis. In looking over an old *Quarterly Review*, an article, written twenty-one years ago, on a book that had just come out, "Beechey's Voyage to the Pacific and Bhering's Straits," contained this passage:—"During the *Blossom's* stay at this island (Pitcairn's Island,) a whale ship arrived from New Zealand, from the Master of which Captain Beechey obtained a curious piece of information. It is now well known that the ferocious savages of New Zealand have discovered a method of preparing human heads, after death, so that the features are preserved. These heads, tattooed all over, and of the colour of mahogany, are sold in most of the markets of the East as curiosities, and may, we should suppose, be bought in London, as what may not. Be this as it may, the whaler reported that Shoughi, the New Zealand chief, who was educated in England, was availing himself of the superiority he had acquired, and was making terrible ravages amongst his countrymen, whose heads, when dried, furnished him with a lucrative trade. This is the schoolmaster abroad with a vengeance! and as a fair specimen of the march of intellect in the south seas, will, we trust, not be lost on the well-intentioned benefactors of their species, who hope to convert grown up savages into civilized beings, and thus pass their time in the manufacture of silk purses out of a raw material, which we avoid naming to 'ears polite'" If this raked-up passage should ever reach the ears polite of the writer, I hope, and I am cer-

tain if he can, he will be ashamed of himself. Twenty years after that was written, I stood on the island the New Zealand chief was then depopulating, in a Maori village, and bargained with natives in English clothes, speaking English, for English coin to be rowed in an English built boat, to an English town, and got it cheaper than I otherwise would, because it was Saturday night, and the New Zealanders wished to attend divine service on the following morning. This is the schoolmaster abroad with a vengeance! and a striking proof how careful men should be in condemning a scheme intended for the good of their fellow men, unless they be well satisfied that it cannot work as intended. It is strange that the very subject on which this book I have quoted from principally treated, was the next greatest evidence which this world can show of what education can effect, New Zealand being the first, and Pitcairn's Island the second. It will be remembered that the mutineers of the *Bounty* carried the ship there, and commenced a career of crime and murder, till all fell but two. The care of the other's children devolved on these two, and circumstances, and a natural tendency, combined to turn their thoughts to God. They instilled a tone of religion into those left to their care, and succeeded ultimately in rearing the most moral community the world has ever seen; and this, from the offspring of mutineers and cold-blooded murderers. I wonder this fact, which he was reviewing in the work before him, did not stay the hand of the writer when he penned the above passage. Who was it principally that civilised the New Zealanders, and the inhabitants of the islands in their vicinity? Who walked from one end of a country as large as Great Britain, in a worst state, to the other? Who forded and swam over streams and rivers? Who penetrated dense jungle, till the clothes were torn from his back? Who slept in swamps, braved the dangers of a stormy coast, in a boat of 25 tons, on voyages of two month's duration? Who cheerfully did work which I, a soldier, and knowing what men can endure, have read of in amazement, and heard from others with still greater wonder? Who but a British Bishop—the Bishop of New Zealand—Bishop Selwyn. And why? He went on an errand of love and mercy, to convert the heathen, to bring to the church of God the cannibal and the savage; and well has he accomplished his noble mission. If there be one man on earth for whom I have the greatest respect, whom I more honor and admire than another, that man is Bishop Selwyn. Though the Bishop of New Zealand has accomplished most, he is not the only Colonial Bishop who has worked thus. Yet, to hear some men talk, one would imagine the bishops not only to be useless, but a positive incumbrance. I fearlessly state that Bishop Selwyn has done more to civilise the Southern Hemisphere than any man that ever lived, or that any one else will ever have the opportunity of accomplishing. Men should not, without due consideration, cry down a bishopric in connection with New Zealand, and in the face of such facts. The Bishop of Christ Church will have a brilliant example of what may be accomplished by one man; and he too

may be a means of doing great good in his sphere. The fearless way in which they, the Association, have carried out their scheme, in spite of every obstacle, is worthy of admiration, confident as they are in the success of the sound principles they have adopted. Although I do not agree with them in the way in which some of these principles should be carried into effect, I consider they all contain the true elements of success; and the very hold this scheme has taken on the imagination of people in this country, convinces me how well adapted it is for gentlemen. A regulation was carried into the scheme, to prevent the labourer from at once becoming a land purchaser. No smaller quantity than fifty acres could be sold. Mr. Wakefield emphatically says, the sufficient price has one great object about which there can be no mistake, and that is, to preserve the labour market. To those who reflect, and have observed the ruinous system adopted in Ireland of letting wretched potatoe gardens to labouring men, the truth of this will be apparent. Such a system acts for the benefit of the land owner and the labourer. The former receives the supply of labour for which he bargained when he bought the land, and the latter works for the object of becoming himself a land-owner, not a potatoe garden owner, into which he will, in all probability dwindle, if he be permitted at starting to settle on his two or three acres. This was clearly seen at Akeroa. Had men, with some capital, gone out to that French settlement, and purchased the land as they are doing now there, under the Canterbury Association, cultivation would have gone on, and the place thriven; but they gave to each peasant four acres, on condition he would cultivate them, and, after eleven years, there were not twenty acres in cultivation. I have endeavoured to show that for a good scheme of colonisation to found a new settlement, it is necessary, in default of Government acting, to effect a strong combination, that combination should be directed by a corporation, a great leading principle should be adopted;—that principle must be a specified form of religion, that the first object must be to create as much civilization in the new colony as possible, and to give a moral and religious tone. To carry out this, the means can only be derived from the sale of the waste lands; and as the more civilization the better, and as that civilization is created by these means, the higher the price put on the article from which these means are derived, and to which it returns a value in proportion, so long as the land will sell, the greater the success to the colony. For these reasons I hold the principles on which the Canterbury Colony is founded are sound and good; and I have had considerable opportunities of judging. To say I am prejudiced in favor of the colony, is to say that what a man finds good, and to his taste; he likes. That the scheme is the result of deep thought; that every detail was discussed earnestly by those best informed on Colonial matters, I know to be true. The author of "A view of the Art of Colonization," the real founder, as the *Spectator* calls him, of the New Zealand settlements, and that of South Australia, told me him-

self that never did a scheme receive more careful attention; and when one remembers that that careful attention was given by such men as G. Wakefield, Adderley, Godley, the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Lyttelton, &c., their known study and knowledge of Colonial questions at least entitle their opinions to respect. I have been asked to give my opinion as to the effect on the Settlement of Canterbury, of the Australian gold fields; and I do so at once, though I grant it is of little value. My opinion is, this discovery will produce present embarrassment, and ultimately great good. I believe every thing must find its level, though it is hard to see clearly how, just now. It is clear that emigration to the Southern Colonies will flow almost exclusively to Victoria; that this settlement will absorb a great portion of the population of the others; that a large portion of this assemblage will consist of thieves, discharged convicts, rogues, and cut-throats; that that assemblage cannot be coerced, for no force could remain in an organized state in its vicinity; therefore Lynch law will be established, and murder and robbery rife. Good men will then find that this is not the place for them; but still they emigrate, to obtain a portion of the benefits resulting from this golden treasure. Clearly, the only other way in which that can be done, is by cultivating New Zealand, just far enough off to be without the pale of the demoralizing influence. If a very great number of non-producers assemble to gather gold, and neglect the cultivation of the soil of Australia, provisions will fetch a high price, which can be well paid in a land overflowing with gold. The farmer, then, can afford to pay a high rate of wages, and an orderly peasant with a family, would prefer working at the more congenial, safer, and healthier employment of agriculture. Mr. Wakefield proposes that an emigration at once be directed from China. No other men wear tails, and if the tails be not allowed at the diggings, as handycraft men and agriculturists, in which they excel, they will save the Australias and New Zealand. I do not think it would be a bad speculation to embark from this country with a cargo of coolies. Purchase land in New Zealand and set to work at once. For a few years one would be safe, speaking the language and knowing his men, for they are such a thick-headed and ignorant set, that it would take years for them to understand what was going on about them. The news from Canterbury is to the 3rd of January. No movement, and no sign of one, was then perceptible, but the more wealthy fields constantly being discovered in Victoria, must affect the population, and I cannot help viewing it with alarm; though whatever its present effect, I feel certain it will tend to the future prosperity of the colony. The Association were particular in sending married men with families; it will be a strong inducement that moves them, but there is no denying that strong inducement does lie in Victoria; but whether they move remains to be seen. There is another safety guard for New Zealand; these islands have a population of 150,000 natives, excellently well adapted for shepherds and agriculturists, but in spite of the judicious choice of labourers sent

to Canterbury, and the considerable Maori population, I consider the gold field will produce much temporary embarrassment.

BALLAD.

"Men were deceivers ever."
SHAKESPEARE.

Knelt a gay youth by a young girl's side,
Angels watch o'er thee, maiden, fair maiden!
Fearful the face which her tresses hide,—
Sorrow has found thee, maiden, fair maiden.
"Happy we have been, then weep not now,
Though I must leave thee, maiden, sweet maiden,
Thus, on thy lips, will I seal the vow,
Thine still for ever, maiden, dear maiden!"

Brightly the moon shone in Heav'n above,
Streaming chill o'er thee, maiden, pale maiden,
But it is changeful—and so is Love—
Angels watch o'er thee, maiden, fair maiden!
Fringing its light a dark shadow lay,
Haply a warning, maiden, sad maiden,
Night clips the heels of the brightest day,
Gloom may be coming, maiden, young maiden.

Faded that bright moon! A second rose,
It never knew thee, maiden, fair maiden;
Sadly thy bower, where the jessamine blows,
Pined for thy presence, maiden, fair maiden.
Up sailed the third, and its sheen again
Round thee, like snow, sleeps, maiden, pale maiden,
Grieving I see, fast as Summer rain,
Silent thy tears fall, maiden, poor maiden.

"He whom I loved is as false as air,
Nowhere, like me, is maiden, sad maiden,
Nothing is left me but black despair!"
Is't come to *this* then, maiden, poor maiden?
Tempting the deep river slides before,
Trembling I watch thee, maiden, young maiden,
One prayer to Heaven — — — now the wave sweeps o'er,
All of thee earthly, maiden, lost maiden!

B.

SIMON PIGEON, THE MUFF.

"THEN we'll look on it as a settled thing, Pigeon, and you shall have the horse to-morrow, I would not have parted with him at all except to a particular friend, and certainly no man living but yourself should have had him so ridiculously cheap."

Thus one evening spoke Knacker of the Dragoons, in the Billiard Room of our Mess House, to Pigeon of ours, who had been looking out for a showy steed lately, to cut a figure upon in the eyes of his intended.

"You are indeed kind," he replied, "but I fear I must decline availing myself of your offer, for the sum is rather above my means."

"Oh, that is of no consequence," returned his friend, "you can pay me at your leisure, just give me a memo. of the amount, and pay it by instalments, or how you please."

"No, but really," cried Pigeon.

"You know," interrupted Knacker, "you really must have a decent looking horse now; you are going to be married, that old screw of yours really is not respectable. I could not help pitying Miss O'Flaherty the other evening when you were riding by the side of the carriage, the poor girl was quite in agony with suppressed laughter—you should not, really Pigeon, indeed it is not the thing."

"But," said Pigeon, "I will tell you in confidence of course, as I should not like it to be generally known, that I am rather — that is I don't like — I mean I should not feel quite — in short, I am not a good rider, and that horse of yours would be too much for me."

"My dear fellow," exclaimed his friend, "what a mistake; 'Lunatic' is the quietest horse breathing; we gave him the name in fact for that very reason, for the fun of the thing, you know; it was such an absurd contrast to his disposition."

"Oh! I see," cried Pigeon, "Lucus a non...."

"Just so," said Knacker, "Lucas of ours was the very man that christened him. I'm devilish glad you have got him, for your own sake, of course; do not mind me; I can always pick up something or other that will do for me; but I believe you are not much in the way of these sort of things;—in fact that was why I made you the offer."

"You really are very kind," said Pigeon; "I do not know how to thank you."

"Oh! never mind thanking me," said the Dragoon, "but tell me how your love affair goes on; Miss O'Flaherty is a very fine girl; by Jove, sir, you are a lucky dog."

"He! he! he!" chuckled Pigeon, "I really think she is pretty, do you know?"

"Pretty!" cried his friend; "by gad, she's beautiful."

"And—and—and there's a little money too, you know," added our hero, blushing up to the eyes at his own affectation of worldliness.

"Ah! Pigeon," said the other, "that is quite a secondary consideration. If there be but true and earnest love, every thing else may ——"

A bitter sigh finished the sentence, and Pigeon, glowing all over with admiration, grasped the hand of his high-souled friend, exclaiming, "By Jingo! Knacker, what a jolly, good-hearted fellow you are."

"It would be ungenerous," said the Dragoon, pursuing the current of his own thoughts, "to say that I envy you; no, you shall not know how I once held hopes as brilliant as your own; alas! how have they been blighted! but I will not cast, over your new born gladness, the shadow of my selfish sorrows."

"My dear friend," cried our hero, almost in tears, "if it will do you any good, pray unbosom yourself; do tell me what you mean. I am sure I should never have guessed that you had any secret griefs, so jolly as you have always appeared."

"Pigeon," said Knacker impressively, "I can control my feelings, I can conquer myself, but enough of this; let us rather," continued he, "talk of your own prospects, a far pleasanter theme: youth, love and beauty smiling on you, and as I think you added, you expect also a trifling addition to your income. Do you happen to know the amount?"

"I will tell *you*, my dear friend," said Pigeon, "but you must promise not to tell any body else, as I rather think I said I would not mention it—Angela has twenty thousand rupees."

Knacker was just on the point of exclaiming, "The devil she has," but with a violent effort he suppressed an exclamation so very unsentimental, and drowning a natural sigh in a tumbler of brandy and water, he challenged his friend to a game of billiards. Never had Knacker been known to play so vilely before; the very easiest cannons escaped him, and all he appeared able to do with the balls, was to leave them in the most tempting proximity to the pockets, the Marker thought he was drunk. Sloper concluded that he was preparing the mind of some griffin for an extensive bet, and our friend Pigeon, who had always heard his opponent spoken of as the best player in the station, felt justifiably proud when he found himself a winner for the first time in his life.

Pigeon of ours—his Christian name by the way was Simon—was a tall and slender youth, with a very fair complexion, and a profusion of soft flaxen hair. In spite of a low forehead, and a very retreating chin, he was, I believe, universally considered a good-looking young fellow, for he had a most aristocratically aquiline nose, and a pair of large mild blue eyes, as bright and clear as a tropical sky, and if possible rather more vacant. He had been the only son of his mother, and she was a widow, and his education had been conducted in the most lady-like style. His politeness was proverbial; in fact he could not say no, nor wound the feelings of any, by the faintest appearance of mistrust; his kindness sprung from the impulses of a heart naturally soft, and cultivated by education to the pulpiest possible condition of tenderness. Good-tempered, innocent, and unsuspecting, he

seemed sent into this worky-day world for the special benefit of swindlers in general. Fortunately for himself, his circumstances were not such as to tempt pillage on an extensive scale; but from the day he first entered the service, he was perpetually being victimised in a small way, purchasing his friends' superfluities at fancy prices; becoming security for people of the most problematical solvency; riding impossible horses and always tumbling off; playing billiards and never winning; going to picnics and standing the champagne. He got into many a scrape by patronizing plausible natives; he caused universal discontent by the exorbitant wages he gave his servants; and his house and compound were a public nuisance from the swarms of useless dependents, with their families and relations to the tenth degree, to whom he gave shelter. He was a Latitudinarian in religion from too much belief, and in politics was Whig, High Tory, Radical, Conservative, and Communist, all at once, because he really could not bear to think any body in the wrong. Positive assertion always convinced him, for he could not understand why any man should persist in saying a thing unless it was true; it need therefore astonish no body that he was the most particular friend of Captain Knacker, of the Dragoons, a wide-awake gentleman, who never stuck at trifles, and who, as Sloper said, would swear a hole through a tin pot.

Our Simon's charity was universal; he subscribed with equal readiness to Races, Missions, Theatres, Church building, Native Festivals, Public Dinners, Teetotal Societies, Steeple chases, and the suppression of cruelty to animals, and it need not be added that he got enormously in debt, so much so indeed as to give him temporary security, for his creditors dared not risk the loss of his commission. He had become engaged to Miss Angela O'Flaherty before she had inherited the pleasant little sum above mentioned, and while she was chiefly known as the wildest specimen of an unmitigated flirt that had ever appeared in India; their engagement surprised nobody, for it had long been the settled conviction of the whole station, that Pigeon must marry Miss O'Flaherty, because nobody else would.

Our hero had noticed a change in the young lady's manner towards him since she had become an heiress,—indefinite postponements of the happy day, and a gradual cooling down of that glowing fondness, which in other days had often made him feel uncomfortably at a loss for adequate reciprocation; he however charitably attributed the change to maiden delicacy, and felt, if the truth must be told, rather relieved by it than otherwise.

A few days after the purchase of the horse, and before he had quite recovered from the effects of a violent fall, which he got the first time he mounted him, he was surprised, while sitting at breakfast, by a note, the contents of which were as follows :—

"Farewell for ever! We may boast of our strength; we may glory in our philosophy; the day of trial undeceives and humbles us: has been so with your un-

happy friend. Pity and forgive me; I do not blame *you*, oh no, you could not help it; another hour relieves me from the burthen of a useless and miserable existence, and you and —; but no, I cannot write that name. Farewell for ever, forgive and forget me."

The paper was very moist, the writing an awful scrawl; there were seven large blots scientifically distributed, and the signature was perfectly illegible. Simon rushed to the door. "Who brought this note?" he cried, breathlessly.

"Captain Knacker's servant," was the reply.

It was enough; our hero started off that moment, and rushed wildly through the lines without his hat; till he stood in the presence of his desperate friend.

Knacker of the Dragoons was sitting in his chair, his head buried between his arms, which rested on the table; spasmodic convulsions shook his stalwart frame, and he groaned at intervals. He had always been famous for his groaning; it had rendered him invaluable at the theatre, where he used to do the Ghosts. Before him stood a small phial, conspicuously labelled Laudanum, and filled with cherry brandy; he was not sure that he might not have to take it before the day was over.

"Interrupted," shouted he, as our friend entered, and starting up, he seized the deadly potion. Pigeon however was on the alert, he grappled with his friend, and after a brief but violent struggle, succeeded in wresting the fatal phial from his hand, and hurling it from the window.

"It matters not," cried Knacker, sinking into his chair; "there is more to be had."

"Oh! Knacker," cried our hero, "give up the dreadful thought, and tell me what can have urged you to so frightful a resolve."

"Urge me not," said his friend; "go on exulting in your own happiness, and insult me not with your pity."

"Is it debt?" enquired Pigeon. Knacker shook his head.

"Have you been fighting a duel?"

"No."

"Have you got into any scrape?"

"No."

"Is it, oh! is it blighted affection?"

"Pigeon," said Knacker solemnly, "no more; touch not that subject; probe not a wound like that; be happy in your ignorance; the knowledge of my misery would ensure your own; yes, I know your heart, and never shall that heart be wounded by my selfishness."

"Oh! Knacker," cried Pigeon, "do not, I beseech you, think of *me*. *Is* it ....?"

"Yes," said Knacker. "It *is!* Long have I worshipped Angela, but let me do myself the justice to add, I have striven against that love; I have struggled to overcome the passion that injured my best friend; I have failed; ask me no more; the die is cast; my fate for ever is determined."

"Oh! but this is terrible," cried Pigeon, "I cannot let you go on thus, sacrificing yourself for me so nobly, so unselfishly."

"*One* of us *must* be sacrificed," returned the Dragoon mournfully.

"Then let that one be me," cried Pigeon.

"Never, never," said Knacker, "Angela has doubtless long since forgotten me; the early affection which I fondly dreamed my own, has doubtless been transferred, with the promise of her hand, to the happier suitor to whom her tyrannical Uncle decreed her yet Angela's first love was mine. Forgive me, Pigeon, I would not willingly hurt you."

"Oh, no, I am sure you would not," said poor Pigeon, writhing under this agreeable information.

"As for your generous offer to give up your claim," continued the Dragoon, "it is useless; Angela might not consent."

"She will, she shall," exclaimed Pigeon.

"Her uncle will certainly refuse."

"I will implore him on my knees."

"It will be in vain."

"It will not; it shall not; only trust to me; give up your wicked intentions. Good gracious, if you were to commit suicide in consequence of any act of mine, should I ever know another happy moment? Do not be uneasy about me; I do not think I do care so *very* much about the matter after all. You shall marry Angela, Knacker, you shall indeed; upon my word and honor you shall!"

So the gallant Captain pledged himself to do nothing rash, at any rate until time should show the result of the promised exertions of his chivalrous friend.

The negociation with Miss O'Flaherty was carried on by letter. Captain Knacker wrote a most passionate epistle, which Pigeon did not see. Our hero wrote a most incoherent one, the drift of which appeared to be that he understood her acceptance of him had been compulsory; that he had discovered that the peace of mind of a friend was at stake, and as he feared her own as well, that if his painful surmises were correct, he hoped no false delicacy would deprive him of the power of making amends, by giving up all claim to a happiness so far above his deserts.

The answer, couched in language far superior to Angela's ordinary style, confirmed the statement of the Dragoon, and accepted with much gratitude, and a little compunction, our hero's resignation; but with old Dr. McConkey, the fair lady's uncle, the result was very different. Pigeon waited upon the old gentleman in person, and was treated, we grieve to say, with the greatest contumely and indignity. Titles of the most opprobrious kind were showered upon him; motives of the most distressing character were attributed to him: he was desired to discontinue all acquaintance with the family for the future, and a report even got about, founded probably on the old Doctor's well known irascibility, that he had been ignominiously kicked out of the house. Old McConkey established a strict watch over his niece, and informing the clergyman of the station of all particulars that he had learned, and several more which he suspected, positively forbade the banns between the young lady and Captain Knacker. Our friend was in despair; such obstacles as these appeared to him quite insurmountable; but the Dragoon was a man of more resolution as well as of more varied resources; he was closeted with Pigeon for several hours, and between them they concocted a scheme, which they

hoped might yet enable them to overcome all difficulties.

There was a station about sixty miles distant from ours, the Chaplain of which was of very strong Tractarian principles. He lived a life of almost monastic seclusion; knew nothing of what was going on in the profane world, but devoted all the energies of his powerful mind to wax-lights, surplices, Baptismal regeneration, and the Gregorian chant. He shuddered at the very name of our Chaplain, who was intensely evangelical; there was of course no communication whatever between them. To this gentleman Captain Knacker indited a letter; he stated that he was under engagements of marriage, that religious scruples rendered him doubtful whether the Holy Sacrament of Matrimony could be adequately administered by one whom, with all personal respect, he could not help regarding as little better than an Anabaptist; he regretted to say he alluded to the Reverend Chaplain of his station; he would therefore be truly grateful if arrangements could be made for his union to take place at the Church of Blatherumpore, where he would be happy to attend at any time that might be appointed.

The Tractarian Chaplain felt his heart gladdened within him; he replied at once, enclosing the requisite documents, for, as it happened, he was Surrogate of the district, and appointed an early day for the happy occasion.

In the mean time our hero made incredible exertions to prepare relays upon the road; he borrowed, begged, and hired buggies, equirotals, and all sorts of carriages; procured the swiftest steeds. Sloper always maintained that he stole one remarkably fast trotting mare, with which the lovers were to make the first stage, and which the owner, a conscientious Griffin, had refused to lend; in fact he made all the arrangements, cloaks, whips, sandwiches and ready money, a cotton nightcap, and a bottle of gin and water: his friend left all to him, only stipulating that he should employ none of his own cattle to horse the vehicles, as they were one and all most intolerable screws.

On the eve of the day appointed, about eleven o'clock at night, our hero stole quietly into Dr. McConkey's compound, with a short ladder on his shoulder, down which the fair lady descended from her bed-room window; the lovers started in Knacker's own buggy, and Pigeon followed on horseback. About eight o'clock next morning they arrived in safety at the church, Pigeon in a state of unmentionable distress from his unusual ride, but the two lovers as gay as larks. The Reverend the Chaplain performed the service with impressive solemnity, our hero officiating as father with great éclât; he gave away the bride with only a trifling moisture of his eyes, and a short gulp in his throat that slightly marred the sonorous emphasis of his Amen.

Statesmen and Generals and other great men have often found happier results from lucky blunders than from their most careful calculations. The follies and vices of mankind have often been instrumental in bringing about benefits for which wisdom and virtue had long toiled and suffered in vain; and the very muffishness

of a Muff may sometimes, on the compensation principle, do him a good turn that he could never have done himself. So it was in the present instance; our hero's last and greatest exhibition of facility made him a glorious amends for the ill-effects of his former weakness, for the fair Angela turned out a most particularly objectionable style of wife, and as for the twenty-thousand rupees, they were all in the Union Bank, which in those days was pretty much the same as being no where.

K.

Selections and Translations.

FABLIAUX.

The Lay of the Little Bird.

Once upon a time, more than a hundred years ago, there lived a wealthy churl, who possessed great store of woods, meadows, and water, and all other things that pertain to a rich man. He had a manor so beautiful, that the like has never existed. The tale that should describe it would seem a fable. I do not believe that there ever was so fair a tower or donjon. A river flowed quite round it, and inclosed the entire property. The pleasure grounds were filled with trees and ornamented with water. He who first made this pleasant spot was no fool, but a gentle knight was he. After the father the son possessed it, and he sold it to this churl,* and thus it passed from hand to hand. Be assured of this that bad heirs make towns and manors fall to decay. The gardens were of strange device, and in them were plants more than I can name, but there were roses and flowers that diffused the most fragrant odours, and spices of such virtue that a man who was sick and infirm, having passed the night in a litter placed in the grounds, went away next morning sound and strong. The meadows were a level plain, and neither hill nor valley was to be seen. The trees were exceedingly lofty, and yet you might gather every fruit you could desire, nor did they ever fail. For he who wrought this place was skilled in magic lore. The grounds extended far and wide, and in compass were altogether round. In the midst a fountain of clear and wholesome water seemed to boil up from beneath, and yet it was colder than marble. A delightful shade was afforded by a stately tree, the branches of which stretched towards each other and had been skilfully trained. In the longest day of summer there was abundant foliage, and by the month of May no ray of the sun ever pierced through, so dense were its branches. Much was this tree to be prized, for in all seasons it was full of leaf and the strongest wind never tore off twig or bark. Never was there a tree so fair and pleasant as this pine. Twice a day, at matin song and again at the hour of vespers, a bird came here to sing. A marvellous creature was this bird, and long would it delay me to tell you its likeness, but it was less than a sparrow though larger than a wren. So well and so sweetly it sang that neither nightingale nor blackbird, lark nor starling, nor yet the cicada, is so delightful as were its notes.

* *Li Lais de l' Oiselet.* MSS. 7218 and 7615 of the Bibliothéque Nationale and M. 21-31 of the Notre Dame Collection. This poem contains 424 lines. I have rendered the old fashioned "*vilain*" by our English "churl," though it literally signifies a man of mean extraction, and of corresponding habits, disposition, and character.

Nor harp, nor *gigue*, nor *vielle*,* could rival it. Wondrous in truth were its songs and lays, for, let a man be ever so doleful, if he heard the bird once sing, he straightway rejoiced and forgot his sorrows; had he laid aside sweet loves, forthwith he resumed them; were he only a peasant or a citizen, he deemed himself an emperor or a king; and had he lived a hundred years and completed a century, as soon as he listened to the melody of the bird, he fancied himself again youthful, and a gay gallant, beloved by high-born dames and lovely maidens.

Another marvel attached to this garden, in that it could only endure so long as the bird came there to warble its sweet notes, for thence issued the loves that gave their virtue to the flowers, the tree, and the house; and whenever the bird should depart, the garden would wither away and the fountain be dried up.

The churl to whom the property belonged came every day from habit to hear the roundelay; and one morning as he was washing his face in the waters of the fountain, with full voice, from the top of the pine, the bird sang a right pleasant lay. Sweet was it to the ear, and much sound doctrine might be learned from it, and thus the bird spoke in its Latin: "Listen to my lay, ye knights and clerks and laymen, all ye who are subject to love and suffer its tortures. And to you I say, O maidens, dear to the heart and fair to behold, who would wish to be well reported of—I tell you in honest truth that you ought to love God before all, to keep His laws and commandments, and willingly go to church and serve Him, for His service becomes no one amiss. Remember that God and Love agree. God loveth sense and honor, and Love holds them not in low esteem. God hateth pride and falsehood, and Love cherishes loyalty. God regardeth the honorable and the courteous, and from such kind Love turns not away. God hearkeneth unto a sincere prayer, nor does Love lend a deaf ear. God rewardeth the liberal, and Love smiles on the open hand. The avaricious are envious—the covetous are tenacious—and churls are given to contention. But sense, courtesy, honor, and loyalty preserve Love, and if you adhere to these, you may possess both God and the world."

Thus spake the bird in its song. But when it beheld the churl, who was both brutal and covetous, sitting beneath the tree and listening, it thus continued in a different strain: "Cease to flow, thou river! Fall, ye donjons and manorial towers! Lose your brilliant hues, ye flowers! Wither, ye grasses—and ye trees refuse to grow! For here brave knights and gentle dames were wont to listen to my lay. Dear did they hold this fountain, and they delighted in my song. Then they learned to love for love's own sake, to bestow great largess, to mingle courtesy with prowess, and to uphold noble chivalry. But now there hears me only this churl, full of envy and covetousness, who loves rather to amass than to distribute wealth. They would listen to me, and their love would grow warmer, but he only eats and drinks the more and plays the glutton."

When it had said this it flew away, and the churl remaining there, began to think within himself that if he could catch the bird, he would be able to get a good price for it; and if he could not sell it, he might at least put it in a cage and make it sing at all hours. Thus reflecting he began to prepare his design and to observe the branches on which the songster usually sat. Thus he made ready. And when the evening came round, the bird returned to the garden, but no sooner alighted than it was caught. The villain, the caitiff, the miscreant, climbed

* The *gigue* was a kind of flute. The word corresponds exactly to the Latin tibia, for it signifies literally a bone of the leg, and secondarily, a flute. In Dante's Paradise the word *giga* occurs with evident reference to some old musical instrument. The *vielle* was the same as the rebeck.

up and seized his prey. "Such recompense has he," cried the bird, "who serves a churl." Ill have you done to catch me, for sorry ransom can I give." "Many a song shall I now hear," replied the wretch. "Hitherto you have sung to please yourself, henceforth it will be to please me." "A sad mischance indeed is this. I who was wont to sweep over the champaign, the woods, the rivers, and the meads, am now in prison pent. Never more to me will come solace or joy. Let me go, fair sweet friend, for know of a certainty that never will I sing while a prisoner!" "By my faith then," he answered, "I will eat you, for never more shall you go forth again." "A poor repast will you find in me," said the bird, "for I am tiny and thin. What will you gain by killing such a mere nothing? Let me go and you will act wisely; slay me and you will sin against yourself." "You talk to no purpose. The more you pray to me, the less will I do it." "Certes I believe you, for so is it usual. Many a time have I heard the saying that *douce raisons vilain äire*,* but another proverb teaches us that *besoins fait faire mainte chose*.† If therefore you will let me go, I will make you acquainted with three maxims such as never a man of your extraction knew, and which will avail you much." "Could I have security for this," said the churl, "I would do so." "I pledge you my faith."

Then he let the bird go, and it flew away to the tree, ruffled and discomposed, for roughly had it been handled, having been held against the plumage. With its beak it smoothed its feathers and plumed itself the best way it could. The churl, being impatient to learn the three wise maxims, soon called upon the little songster to repeat them. The bird was full of wit, so it answered: "If you rightly understand me, you may learn a useful saying, *Ne crois pas quanque tu oies dire*."‡ The churl knit his brows with anger and exclaimed: "I am aware of that." "Fair friend, take care that you do not forget it." "You do well to teach me," cried the churl, "but if you have escaped me, no other shall ever so cajole me. But it is too late to vaunt—so tell me the others." "Listen attentively, for the next is good and just. *Ne pleure pas ce qu' aine n'eus*."§ The churl could no longer restrain himself, but fiercely spoke: "You have broken your plighted faith. Three wise maxims were you to teach me such as never a man of my lineage knew, but these are known to all the world. Never was any man so foolish as to weep for what he never had. Foully have you lied to me." Then the bird replied: "Do you wish that I should repeat them, for great fear have I lest you should forget them, nor do I believe that you will long retain them." "These I knew long ago, nor do I owe you any thanks for teaching me what is in no way new to me. I am not so untutored as you think. But since you have escaped, you may well rail at me. However, if you hold at all to your covenant, you will tell me the other sentence. Speak as you will, for I have no longer any power over you. Declare it, and I will hear you." "The third," rejoined the bird, "is such that whoever shall practice it, will never be a poor man." Greatly did the churl rejoice, and eager was he to learn this wondrous maxim. "Bear this in mind," said the bird, "*Ce que tu tiens en tes mains, Ne gete pas jus à tes pieds*."‖ On hearing this the churl waxed exceeding wroth, and for a long time was unable to speak. "Is this all?" he at length exclaimed. "These are riddles for children. I before knew

* Fair reasons only irritate a churl.
† Necessity is a hard taskmaster.
‡ Believe not all that you hear.
§ Weep not for what you never had.
‖ Don't throw away what you already hold. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

all that you have told me. Thus have you deluded me, and falsified your oath." "By my faith," replied the bird, "had you really known these maxims, you would not have let *me* go when you held me in your hands." "You say sooth; but the other two have been long familiar to me." "But the last is worth a hundred of the others." "How so, I pray you?" "How so? I will tell you. Had you killed me as you proposed, it would have been the best day's work in all your life." "Ha! how could that be?" "Ahi! foul villain! you know not what has mischanced to you—a sore mishap in truth. There is in my body a most costly and precious stone, full three ounces in weight, and such is its virtue, that whoever has it in his possession will obtain whatever he may desire." When the churl heard this, he tore his hair, clawed his face, and rent his garments, calling himself wretched and miserable. The bird meanwhile mocked at him as it looked down on him from the tree, and when it beheld his clothes in tatters and himself covered with blood, it railed at him and said—"Caitiff, villain, when you held me in your hands, I was less than a sparrow titmouse, or green finch, that weighs not half an ounce." The other roared in his passion and cried, "In faith, you speak the truth." "Then you must see that I lied to you about the stone." "I do now see it, but at first I believed you." "Now then, O churl, will I prove that you did not know my three sayings. You said that no man would be so foolish as to weep for what he never had, and yet but now, methinks, you wept for what you never had and never could have. Again, when you held me in your nets, what you had in your hands you threw away. Fair friend, now remember these three maxims. It is good to learn wise sayings. It is said that such an one may hear, who does not understand; that such an one talks of sense, who has neither wisdom nor ideas; that such an one talks of courtesy, who never could practise it; and that such an one esteems himself sensible, who is addicted to folly." When it had uttered these words, the little bird flew away, and never more returned to that tree. Then the leaves of the pine fell to the ground; the flowers of the garden withered away; the fountain dried up; and the churl lost his pleasant retreat. Thus know ye, all men and maidens, that the proverb is true which saith—

Cil qui tout covoite, tout pert.

The Priest and the Blackberries.*

A CERTAIN priest being desirous to go to market, caused his mare to be saddled and made ready. The mare was tall and well-fed, and for two years had belonged to the priest. Never had it known either thirst or hunger, for it had always hay and corn in plenty. Then the priest mounted her, and rode to market. This was in September, the season in which blackberries abound. So he went along reciting his Hours, his Matins, and his Vigils, until at the entrance of the town he came to a steep street. Here casting his eye on some copse-wood, he beheld a great quantity of blackberries, large and black, and ripe. He straightway exclaimed, "So help me Christ, never did I see such beautiful fruit." Much he longed for them, and he made his mare go softly, and at last he stopped her altogether. But one thing annoyed him, and that was the thorns running into him, and besides the finest blackberries were so high up, that he could not reach them while sitting. Then the priest drew himself up, and stood upon the saddle, and leaning forwards towards the bush, he eat ravenously of the choicest he could find. All this

* Du Provoire qui menga les Mores. A metrical tale by Guerin, a Trouvère of the 13th century. It consists of 96 lines.

time the mare never moved. And when he had eaten of the berries till he was tired, he looked down and observed how still the animal was standing beside the rocks. Much pleased was he therewith as he stood upon her back. "Ah! if any one were to say, He!" he thought, and he thought aloud. The mare started at his voice, and bounded away, and the priest fell into the brambles in such a manner, that had you offered him an hundred ounces of gold, he could not have moved backward or forward. And the mare galloping off returned to his house. When the servants perceived her, they made much ado, and the priest's wife* fainted away, and would not be comforted, for she deemed of a surety that he was dead. However they all sallied forth toward the market town, and what with running and walking, they soon came to the spot where the priest was so ill at ease. And when he heard them calling his name, he cried aloud: "Diva, Diva,† where are you going? I am here dolorous, pensive, doleful, and sore troubled, for cruelly am I maimed and wounded, and my back is bleeding from the brambles and thorns." Then the servants asking him said, "Sir, who put you there?" And he replied—"My own fault caused my downfal. This morning, as I was passing by here, and repeating my Hours, a great longing for blackberries seized upon me, and nothing would have induced me to move forward until I had eaten of them. Thus it happens that these bushes hold me fast. But now help me out, for nothing I so much desire as to be at rest in my own house and have my wounds tended."

By this fable you may learn that he acts unwisely who says aloud and repeats all that he thinks, for many folks oftentimes thence receive both hurt and shame, just as it befell this priest.

The Betrothed Image, or the Marble Bride.‡

Be silent, good people, while I recount to you a most pleasing miracle, in order to induce sinners to fulfil their vows to the Lord. Ill do they act and without any mind, when they promise, but do not perform, unto God and His sweet Mother. My story relates, that an image had been placed in front of an old Church, which the workmen were repairing. The devout deposited their offerings at the foot of this image. Oftentimes crowds of young people would flock to this place to play at ball. One day an unusual number assembled before the portals of the Church, where this image was placed, and among them was a lad who wore on his finger a very beautiful ring, given to him by the mistress of his heart. Love had so completely mastered him, that for a great deal he would not have lost or spoilt the ring. He therefore stepped aside towards the Church to place the ring in safety, whilst he joined in the game. I know not what was uppermost in his mind, but as he looked around he beheld the image, and, being struck

* It is rather startling to hear mention made of a priest's wife, but it is of no uncommon occurrence among these ancient fabliaux. It is possible, indeed, that such may have been composed in England or recited at the English Court, because in that country priests frequently married so late as the 12th century. Even then the good sense of the people was too strong for Councils and Canons.—*See Hume's Hist. of England, p.* 343, *vol.* 1, *octavo.*

† A favorite exclamation with the Trouveres.

‡ This piece entitled "Du varlet qui se Maria à Nostre Dame, dont ne volt qu'il habitast á autre," consists of 196 lines, and was composed by Gautier de Coinsi, a Benedictine Monk of the Abbey of St. Médard at Soissons, and subsequently Prior of Vic sur Aine in the year 1214. It is almost needless to observe that there have been many imitations of this idea. The principal work by Gautier de Coinsi is entitled "Miracles de la Vierge," but he also composed the fablian of "Sainte Leocade," in 2500 lines. His devotional pieces were for the most part translated from anterior writings in the Latin tongue. He died in 1236 in the Priory of St. Médard.

with its beauty, he knelt down before it. Devoutly before that female form he bowed himself down in reverence. Presently his spirit and his will were moved within him, and these words issued from his heart and lips :—

"Lady, henceforth through all my life I will serve thee, for never till now did I behold maiden, matron, or serving girl, so fair and pleasant to the eyes. Ten thousand times more lovely art thou than she who gave me this ring. To her I had surrendered all my heart and mind, but for thy sake I am ready to resign her love and her jewels. This ring, which is so handsome, to thee will I give in true love, on this condition that never hereafter will I have wife or mistress, save only thee, sweet beauteous lady."

His ring he then placed on the straight finger of the image—when lo! the image bent its finger so firmly, that no man could draw off the ring unless he broke it. Great dread fell upon the youth, and loudly he screamed forth. Old and young came running to him—not one remained behind—and straightway he told them all he had said and done, and how the finger had closed upon his ring. Every one then signed himself and marvelled greatly, and there was not one who did not advise and urge him not to delay a single day, but at once to retire from the world to serve God and our holy Lady Mary, who had shown to him by her finger, that he must ever love her "par amors," and never seek any other mistress. He had not sense enough, however, to fulfil his covenant, but so entirely forgot it, that he remembered it neither little nor much. One day went and another came, and the young clerk waxed in years and stature. But the love of his mistress bandaged his eyes so tightly, that he saw naught else, and quite forgot the Mother of God. He was in truth more blind than he thought, and never wearied of loving her who had given him the ring. His heart was so fixed upon her, that for her sake he abandoned Our Lady, and married her and took her to him for his wife. The wedding was stately and of great display, for he was rich and of high lineage and quality. The bed was fair and elegant, and placed in a goodly chamber. But no sooner did he lay him down than deep sleep fell on him. Our dear Lady, more sweet than honey in the comb, instantly appeared unto him, and seemed to lie between him and his wife. Her finger she showed to him, on which the ring sat most becomingly, and the finger itself was polished and straight. "Friend," she said, "thou dost not act truly or loyally towards me, but foul wrong hast thou done me. Look upon this love-token that thou gavest me, when thou saidst that I was ten thousand times fairer and more pleasant to the eyes than the maid whom thou hadst loved till then. A loyal friend wouldst thou have had in me, hadst thou not deserted me, and left the rose for the nettle, the eglantine for the elder. Unhappy wretch, thou needs must be miserably deceived thus to forsake the fruit for the leaf, the lamprey for the grasshopper, honey and the honeycomb for poison and gall."

The clerk, greatly marvelling at the vision, started up. All amazed was he, for he deemed that the image was yet beside him. On all sides he felt with his hands but nothing met his touch. Then he thought himself the sport of fancy, when suddenly he again sank into a profound sleep. This time the Mother of God appeared to him in wrath. Full of pride and haughty disdain was her countenance, and she deigned not to take any notice of the clerk, but fiercely she threatened him, and poured forth much abuse. Many a time she called him perjured and foresworn, and accused him of broken faith. "The evil spirits have indeed misled and blinded thee," she exclaimed, "since thou couldst re-

nounce me for the sake of a poor miserable mortal!"*

The clerk then sprang out of bed all aghast. A dead man he seemed to himself, for he had incurred the anger of our Lady. No longer did he delay, but fled to a desert spot, and in a hermit's cell, and clad in monastic garb, devoted the remainder of his life to the service of God and our holy Mary. No longer would he attach himself to the world, but went to dwell with the mistress to whom in pure love he had given the ring: from the world he withdrew, and married himself to Mary.†

The Judgment of Solomon.‡

It is the duty of those who possess knowledge to impart it to others. At the time when Solomon first wore the crown, an adventure happened to a Prince of Soissons, which is worth relating, for it affords a good example. This great Prince had an extensive territory, and many castles belonged to him. He was, moreover, the father of two sons, the one sweet tempered, the other fierce, whom their mother had brought up from their infancy. Now it came to pass that when their father departed this life, the elder cruelly summoned his younger brother to appear before the Barons who had held of their sire. "Sirs," said he, "listen to my words. Our father is no more. Great is our loss. But divide now the fiefs, like wise men and true, between my brother and myself, so that each may have his due heritage." To this the younger, his face bedewed with tears, sorrowfully replied—"Ah, my brother! what is this that you say. Our father yet lies on his bier. Wait till he is interred, and then present your demand." "No, by my faith, I will not do so," answered the covetous wretch. "Before he be laid in the ground, each shall have his share, and hereis the bailiff to divide the lands." The Barons, one and all, implored him to have patience until the dead body was committed to the earth, when they would fulfil his desire without delay. But he obstinately persisted, and declared that nothing should move him to act otherwise.

At this conjuncture the King happened to arrive, and they reported to him the claim, and the contention of the elder brother. When the King had heard the history of the affair, he commanded the two brothers to come into his presence. The elder loudly demanded the fiefs which he was so impatient to obtain, but the younger spoke only of alms and offerings he wished to be made in behalf of his dead father, who had been so kind and good to all. "Sirs," then said the King, "you hear how the matter stands. Since the elder insists upon his right, it must be accorded. Let there be a stake driven firmly into the ground, and take the corpse of the dead man from off his bier, and fasten it securely to the post. Obey me without

* The Marble Bride, with sufficiently bad taste, here indulges in the following "quaint conceit."—

S'en la pullente pullentie,
De la pullante t'enpullentes,
Es santimes d'enfer pullentes.
Seras pullens enpullentez,
Por tes pullentes pullentez.

† The piece concludes as follows—

Moines ou clers, quant se marie,
A ma Dame Sainte Marie,
Moult hautement s'est mariez,
Mès cil est trop mal mariez;
Et tuit cil trop se mesmarient,
Qui as Marions se marient;
Par marions, par mariées.
Por Dieu ne nos mesmarions,
Laissons Maros et Marions,
Si nous marions à Marie,
Qui ses maris où Ciel marie.—*Amen.*

‡ *Le jugement de Salemon.* MSS. 7218. In the original this trifle consists of 80 lines.

delay." No one dared to gainsay; so they went to the bier, and lifted up the body, and dressed it in all haste. Nevertheless the wisest of those present greatly marvelled that Solomon should again array in clothing the uninhabited clay. But his purpose was to humble the proud, and expose his vain glory to merited contempt.

The brothers then mounted their chargers, and to each was given a sharp pointed spear. "Now shall I see," said the King, "which of you is the more active and more valiant to assail his mortal enemies, and skilful to defend himself when attacked. Look at yon corpse. Let him who wishes for honor boldly strike it. He who wounds it the most deeply shall have the larger share."

When the wretch heard this, he thought to himself that the other would not get much, so he made haste and smote his dead father, and the weapon passed two long ells beyond. "Sirs," he cried with exultation, "methinks I have stricken him in good earnest."

When the younger beheld this, his countenance changed, and he said to the King: "Sire, I own him not for friend who has smitten my father; but my most cruel enemy is he." "Go, attack him," answered the King. "He is dead. What matters it to thee?"

"Certes, Sire, I will not attack him for all the gold in Cornwall; but without fail I will slay him who has violated the dead."

Then the King called his Barons together with much pomp, and thus addressed them: "Sirs, I have proved these brothers before your eyes. This one without doubt is the Baron's son—but the other, who smote him, has naught in common with him."

Thus, in consequence of his violence, the wicked son was deprived of his heritage. Then they took the corpse and loosened it from the stake, and the wise men and the aged followed it to the grave; afterwards they returned and did homage to the younger son. Such is the history of these two brothers of whom the Emperor made a notable example. The one who showed no respect to his father was not deemed the rightful heir, but an unnatural and illegitimate child, who shamed his own mother.

Explicit le jugement de Salemon.

The Peasant Doctor; or a Physician in spite of Himself.*

There once lived a rich peasant, who was very avaricious and niggardly. He had a plough which he used to work with a mare and a hack horse. Plenty of meat and bread, and wine had he, and all things necessary. But because he had no wife,† his friends and neighbours greatly blamed him; and he replied that he would willingly accept a good wife, if such could be found. In that country there dwelt a knight, an old man and a widower, who had an only daughter, a most fair and courteous damsel. But as he had no fortune, no one asked of him his daughter in marriage, though he much desired to see her married, for she was of a proper age and condition for matrimony. The peasant's friends therefore went to the knight and demanded the maiden for the rustic, who had so much silver and gold, with large store of

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* *Ci du vilain Mire* (medicus) *ou le Médicin malgre luy* was composed by Ruteboeuf, whose patron was the Count of Poitiers, brother of Louis IX. Few of the ancient Trouveres have equalled, much less surpassed, him in the variety of his subjects or in his manner of treating them. Molière was evidently indebted to the present tale for the idea of his comedy of the *Médecin malgré lui*, and a similar adventure as far as regards the sick folk is related of the facetious Saxon Tiel Ulenspiegel—the Howleglas of our old English Dramatists. The *Conte* of the *Vilain Mire* consists of 392 lines, and may be found in MSS. 7218 of the National Library in Paris.

† In the original *moillier*.

corn and of cloth. The old man promptly gave his consent, and agreed to the alliance. The maid, who was very discreet, dared not contradict her father, for she had no mother, and he did with her as he pleased. The peasant hastened on the wedding, and quickly espoused her, much against her own will, though she feared to refuse. When this affair had passed away, and there no longer remained any traces of the wedding and other such things, the countryman began to think within himself that he had acted unwisely, and that it did not suit his condition to have a knight's daughter to wife. For when he went to his plough, the soldiers,* with whom every day is holiday, would swagger down the street, and as soon as he was at a distance, the chaplain too would come day after day * * *.

"Alas! me miserable" exclaimed the peasant. "I know not how to counsel myself, for I am sure to have cause for repentance." Then he considered within himself how he could guard against this. "Ah, ha!" cried he, "if I beat her in the morning when I rise, she will weep throughout the day, and I could safely depart to my labor, for I well know that as long as she weeps, no one will turn aside to see her. Then when I return home in the evening, she will cry me 'mercy for Heaven's sake,' and I will gladden and cheer her, but in the morning I will again be wrathful. So now will I take my leave of her as soon as I have eaten a mouthful."

The peasant then called for his dinner, and the dame hastened to serve it. No salmon or partridges had they, but plenty of bread and wine, and fried eggs and cheese, which the niggard had amassed. And when the table was removed, with his huge and heavy hand the clown slapped his wife on the face, so that the marks of his fingers remained. Then he seized her by the hair, for very brutal was he, and he belaboured her as much as if she had deserved it. After that he went forth in haste to his fields, and left her in tears. "Alas!" cried she, "what shall I do? And how shall I advise myself? I know not what to say. Assuredly my father dealt very treacherously with me in giving me to this churl. Certes, I had sorrow at heart when I consented to this marriage. Would that I had rather died of hunger. O God! why did my mother die!" so sorely she bewailed herself, that all who used to visit her turned away. Thus she remained sorrowing until the sun had gone down, when the clown returned home. Throwing himself at her feet, he entreated for pardon for the love of Heaven. "Be assured," said he, "that it was an enemy who induced me to work you such foul wrong. But I pledge you my faith, that I will never again injure you, so vexed and angry am I that I should have beaten you." So much said the rustic deprecatingly, that the dame forgave him, and set before him what she had prepared for his supper; and when they had both eaten sufficient, they laid them down in peace.

In the morning the countryman again belaboured his wife, though she had done him no harm, and then went forth to plough his land. The dame began to weep and to lament, saying, "Alas! well do I see that evil has come upon me. Was ever my husband himself beaten? I trow not; he knows not what it is, for otherwise he would not have given me so many blows for all the world." Whilst she was thus bemoaning her sad lot, lo! there came two messengers from the King, each mounted on a white palfrey. Towards the dame they spurred, and they saluted her in the King's name. They then asked to eat, for much did they need something. Cheerfully she set food

* In the original *vassaux*, a term frequently employed merely to denote those who followed the profession of arms.

before them, and while they were eating she inquired: "Whence come you, and whither do you go? Tell me, what seek you?" "By my faith, lady," one of them replied, "we are messengers from the King, who sends us in quest of a physician, and into England we must pass." "But what to do?" "The damsel Ada, the King's daughter, is sick, and for eight days has been unable either to eat or drink, for a fishbone has stuck fast in her throat. The King, therefore, is sad at heart, and never more will he joy if he lose her." Then outspake the dame: "You need not travel so far as you think, for my husband, I assure you, is a right skilful leech. Certes, he knoweth more of medicines and nostrums than ever did Hippocrates." "Say you this in jest, dame?" demanded they. "For jesting I have no heart," quoth she, "but he is of such a temper, that he never will do anything until he hath been well thrashed." "Let him but appear," said they, "and he shall not remain here for want of thrashing. Where can we find him, lady?" "In the fields you will meet with him," she answered, "just where this stream runs beyond that wide road, the very first plough you find is ours. Go, I commend you to the Apostle St. Peter."

Then they pricked forth until they had come up with the clown. In the King's name they saluted him, and said to him in haste; "You must go along with us, and speak with the King." "Why so?" he asked. "Because of the science that is in you," they replied, "for there is no such leech in all this land. Therefore from afar have we come in quest of you." When the *peasant heard the word *leech*, straightway he began to grumble, and to say that he knew naught about it. "Let us be off," cried the others; "well do we see that he must be beaten before he will either do or say any thing aright." Then one struck him beside the ear, and the other with a heavy cudgel smote him on the middle of the back. Great shame indeed they wrought him, and so they led him towards the King. Backwards did they drag him along, the head towards the heels. The King came towards them, and said; "Have you found aught?" "Yes, Sire," together they replied, while the countryman shook with fright. Then one of them told of the temper of the clown, how he was so full of caprice, that nothing would he do that was asked of him until he were soundly beaten. And the King made answer and said: "A felon leech is this; never yet heard I tell of such an one." "Let him be well flogged then," cried an attendant; "since it be so, I am quite ready to pay the churl his fee." The King now called the countryman before him, and thus addressed him—"Master, listen to me. I am going to send for my daughter, for much need is there that she be cured." Pitiously he cried for mercy, "Sire, before God who cannot be, so help me God! I tell you the truth, of physic I know naught, and leech was I never." And the King, "Truly a marvel do I hear. Let him be beaten." With hearty good will they set upon him, and when he felt the blows, he deemed himself gone mad. "Mercy! Mercy!" he began to cry, "I will heal her without delay."

The maid was brought into the hall. Pale and faint was she. And the peasant revolved in his mind in what manner he should heal her, for well he saw that he must choose either to do so or to die. Then he thought within himself, that if he would save her, he must say or do something to make her laugh, so that the fishbone should spring forth, for it had not entered into the flesh, so he spoke to the King: "Let a fire be lighted in this chamber, in a private part, and then you shall see what I will do, and, if it please God, I will cure her."

* In the original *un serjant serviens.*

The King issued the command, and a mighty fire was made. When the fire was kindled, the squires and the young men withdrew. And the damsel sat down before the fire on a seat they had prepared for her. And the clown stripped himself to the skin, and laid down on the other side of the fire, and began to scratch and rub himself all over. Nails had he long and the skin hard. There is no one this side of Saumur, be he never so good a scratcher, to whom this one would have yielded. And the damsel, when she beheld him, in spite of the pain she suffered, was fain to laugh. With the effort she made, the bone flew out of her mouth towards the fire. Then the peasant, without delay, threw on his clothes, and picked up the bone, and went forth of the chamber with great glee. As soon as he saw the King, he cried aloud! "Sire, your daughter is cured. Here is the bone, praise be to God!" And the king rejoiced greatly and said—"Know that I love you above all things, and you shall receive robes and fine clothes." "Thanks, Sire, but I wish for nothing, nor do I desire to remain with you. Better does it suit me to return to my home." But the king replied—"That shalt thou not do. My physician and my friend shalt thou be." "Thanks, Sire, but by St. Germain, there was no bread in my house when I left it yesterday morning, and the flour was to have been fetched from the mill." Then the King called two attendants and said—"Beat him until he agree to remain." And they fell on him in a trice, and roughly they handled him. But when the clown felt the blows on his arms, his legs, and his back, he cried aloud for mercy. "I will remain; I will remain. Leave me in peace."

So the countryman was fixed at Court; and they shaved him, and cut his hair, and clothed him in a scarlet robe. But he thought it was a base conspiracy, when the sick men of that land, more than eighty in number, came before the King at a certain festival, and each told to him his state. Then the King called the peasant, and said to him, "Hark you, master. Take these people under your care, and quietly heal them." "Indeed, Sire," quoth the clown, "there are too many of them, I never could compass it to heal them all." Then the King made a sign to two attendants, and each forthwith seized a staff, for easily they guessed what the King meant them to do. But when the peasant saw them draw nigh, his blood began to creep, and he cried aloud—"I will cure them without fail." Then he asked for wood, and as much as he desired was brought to him. So he kindled a fire in the hall—with his own hands he arranged it. When the sick men were assembled around him, he thus besought the King—"Sire, I pray you to withdraw, and all those who have no ailment. Thereupon the King graciously retired, himself and his attendants. Then spake the countryman to the sick folk. "Sirs, by the God who made me, I never could succeed to heal you all. But I will take the most infirm among you, and into this fire I will put him, and will consume him in these flames, and all the others shall benefit by him. For they who shall swallow his ashes, shall presently be made whole." Then they looked one at another, but there was neither hunch back nor dropsical who would have allowed, for all Normandy, that his own was the worst complaint. So the peasant turned to the nearest and said—"I see you are very feeble. Without doubt you are the weakest of them all." But he made haste to reply—"Nay, Sir, I am quite strong, more so than ever I was before. Relieved am I already from a sore illness which I have long endured. Be assured that I speak the truth, and do not lie at all." "Then get you down below. What seek you here?" And straightway he moved towards the door. Then the King demanded, "Art thou healed?" "Yes, Sire,

thanks be to God, I am more sound than an apple. Truly the master is a wise man."

What need I say any more? There was neither great nor small who for all the world would suffer that into that fire they should thrust him. So all went forth as if they had really been made whole. And when the king saw them, he leaped for joy and said to the countryman—"Fair master, I marvel how it can be that you so soon have healed them." "Indeed, Sire, I have used a charm, for I know one that availeth more than ginger or cinnamon." Then spake the King, "Now you shall return to your home, when it pleaseth you; and you shall take from me money, and palfreys, and good steeds. And if I again send for you, you must do whatever I require; you shall be one of my chosen friends, and more dear to me than all the folk of the country. But be no more obstinate, nor cause yourself to be evilly entreated, for a shame is it to lay hands on you." "Thanks, Sire," replied the countryman. "I am your servant both morning and evening, and will be so as long as I live, nor will I ever change."

So he took his leave and departed from the Court, and returned to his own home joyfully. Never was there a richer peasant. To his own house he came, but he went no more out to plough, nor did he ever beat his wife, but loved and cherished her. Thus, through his wife and his own wit, he became a good physician, though without science.

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What can more clearly demonstrate the fact, that while the Residents in India have been physicked by a large standing Army of Doctors, they have not been taught the best mode of preserving their health. One truth must be clearly understood and consistently acted upon, namely, *that all the diseases to which the human frame is subject, arise from an impure state of the blood.* Let this vital principal be freed from impurities, and disease cannot take place.

PURE AIR AND PURE BLOOD.

The relationship between pure air and pure blood is very intimate. The office of the lungs is to decarbonize the blood. Previously to its passing through those organs it is of a dark black colour, in consequence of its being charged with Carbon ; it is then termed *venous* blood When it comes into contact with the oxygen of the atmosphere, it is purged from the Carbon and changed to a beautiful crimson ; it is then termed *arterial* blood. If the surrounding air be foul, charged with miasma of Carbonic acid gas, which has escaped from the lungs of individuals or from putrid matter, it is impossible that the blood should be changed from venous into arterial. The object of the blood is to convey a *replenishing* principle to every part of the human frame for the purpose of repairing the waste which is constantly going on. But if it has come in contact with impure air, it gallops through the system, charged—not with health and vigour—but with a *disease-engendering* principle : hence low, intermittent fevers, dysentery, cholera, and other fearful diseases.

AN EFFICACIOUS REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES.

Now if disease arise from the cause thus described—who can question the philosophy or doubt the efficacy of the 'Hollowayen System." Unlike Doctors in general, he shows how disease may be prevented, or if its presence be detected, he shows them what is the cause. Of course, he says, "If you are suffering from disease take my Pills." For while Professor Holloway's Pills are perfectly free from *poison*—they are at the same time charged with a powerful disease-exterminating principle. Being taken into the system—they assimilate with the blood, and the vital fluid is thus charged with an element, which wages war with every unhealthy obstruction—a work of emancipation commences and most pleasuring are the results.

COMPLAINTS OF THE LIVER, THE LUNGS AND THE STOMACH REMOVED.

The *Liver* hitherto morbid in its action is freed from unhealthy secretions, acrimonious bile is carried off, and along with it distressing pain in the right side, and a burning sensation at the Stomach, the sallowness of the skin vanishes and is succeeded by a healthy liver. The *Lungs*, which had been held in thraldom by vitiated humours, causing a constant hacking cough, is set free by the use of these Pills, so that respiration becomes easy.

The *Stomach*, in which impurities had been allowed to accumulate, causes nausea, violent headache, indigestion, nervousness, burning sensation and acute pain, bowel complaints, sleepless nights, and a host of other evils, the stomach is completely cleaned of its misery-making occupants, by a few doses of this extraordinary medicine.

MALIGNANT CHOLERA ROBBED OF ITS VICTIMS.

This disease, which is so common in India, results from a redundancy and putrid acrimony of the bile. Now Holloway's Pills by cleansing the intestines, and imparting vigour to the whole nervous system are of admirable use as a *preventive; but when this* use of them has been overlooked, the actual attacks of Cholera may be mitigated by a *timely* and *persevering* use of them. The stomach and bowels will thus be effectually freed from all vitiated humours, and the various functions speedily restored to their proper tone.

RHEUMATISM AND GOUT PREVENTED AND CURED.

And what is Rheumatism? It is a painful disease, affecting the joints and limbs—caused by an accumulation of impurities. How common is the exclamation, "I have caught a cold, and it has brought on that tiresome excruciating pain on my shoulders or limbs!" Do you *wish* to know *why* this pain? We will tell you, and, which is still better, we will tell you how to get rid of it. By means of respiration and perspiration the human system is continually throwing off waste matter. LAVOISIER, the celebrated French Chemist, states that the skin alone during every four and twenty hours parts with 20 ounces of useless matter.

This supposes health and favourable circumstances. But should any of this matter be thrown back into the system, proportionate disease must necessarily ensue. You spend some time in a heated place, or drive out visiting during the hot months, and the pores of your body become open and sensitive; you go in this state under a punkha or perhaps lie down on a couch right before the "tatties," and fall asleep. The pores are suddenly closed—perspiration is obstructed, and the waste matter remaining in the system become a fruitful source of disease and pain. The next morning your eyes swim, your voice is husky and you feel pain, and you exclaim, "what a beastly country! I have taken cold from just sitting near the tatties," and then how do you act? You do, not as you ought, at once seek to free the system from impure obstructions, but you content yourself with some mere palliative, you lose some of the first unpleasant sensations, but the impurities still lurk within you? Every now and then you feel twitching, torturing pains in your limbs; but those pains are sent in mercy, and their language is—"you

THE DEHLI GAZETTE

LITHOGRAPHIC PRESS.

In a former Circular, the Proprietors of the Dehli Gazette Lithographic Press expressed their desire to introduce the system of Cash payment for their Lithographic Forms, for which object the prices were considerably reduced.

The Managing Proprietor, with reference to the comparative cheapness with which paper can now be imported direct from England, is glad to be able to announce that he has further reduced the prices of printed Forms for Cash payments. The rates given below are reduced about Twenty-five *per cent.*, and the terms of sale from the 1st of March, 1851, will be cash in three months after despatch of the Forms; if in that time payment is not made, Ten per cent. interest will be charged on account. Packing will be charged for.

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Field Returns,		1— 0	7— 0
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Account of Half Mounting,		0— 4	1—12
Receipts for Payee's Drafts,		0— 4	1—12
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